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December 21, 1955

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Southern Breakthrough

ISABEL PATERSON

An American Crime

JULIUS EPSTEIN

My Visit to the United Nations

FINIS FARR

Articles and Reviews by · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM · L. BRENT BOZELL · JAMES BURNHAM
BAKER BROWNELL · C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS · RUSSELL KIRK

#5

from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

The Farmer's Friends

Secretary Benson, who has invited his Democratic critics to suggest remedies for agricultural ills, last week quickly and flatly rejected Republican Senator Hickenlooper's plan to end the pork glut. The Iowan's scheme was simple, but it stirred odious memories. It called for direct federal payments to farmers of $10 per carcass for the slaughter of sows and gilts (virgin pigs). Someone at the Department of Agriculture gently reminded Senator Hickenlooper, "Henry doesn't work here any more." Undiscouraged, Hickenlooper sought and received the support of Sherman Adams. Tremendous pressure is now being exerted on Secretary Benson to "go along" with the hog-killing subsidy.

Hoosier Headache

Republican leaders agree that factionalism in Indiana was responsible for the recent Democratic victories in municipal and county elections. They greatly fear that the three-cornered feud between Governor George N. Craig and Senators Jenner and Capehart may produce far more serious consequences next year. Capehart is up for reelection and his chances are currently regarded as less than good by observers in the state. Several Republican Congressmen are also said to be facing serious difficulties. Rep. Charles Halleck, who might conceivably weld the breach in the GOP ranks, has not forgotten or forgiven the attempt to prevent his seating as a delegate in the 1952 National Convention.

For God, Liberty and the UN

The case of a New Jersey school teacher, fired from her chairmanship of a Parent-Teacher program committee because she refused to collaborate in a plan to exalt the United Nations, may find a national forum when Congress convenes in January. Mrs. Betsy Jane Bramhall, mother of four children, is a teacher at Thomas Jefferson School in Morristown. She first protested in October when her daughter Janie and other eighth-graders were drafted to perform in a play glorifying the UN. When, a month later, a speaker scheduled by Mrs. Bramhall's committee chose to attack UNESCO's influence on progressive education, PTA President John Benson lowered the boom and Mrs. Bramhall was dismissed as program chairman. But that didn't end it. It reached the newspapers. UN propaganda included in the school play and designed for children got into adult hands; for example, this poetic gem: "Come brothers, come, listen all—to the voice of liberty!—United under God we stand, ever vigilant and free." Some Congressmen are anxious to know how much of this brainwashing is going on in our public schools.

Double-Edged Depreciation

The Dixon-Yates "issue" is turning out juicier than the most optimistic Democrat dared hope. Now that AEC Chairman Strauss has been disgracefully charged in the Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee hearings with deceiving the President and the public, old implications of scandal without substance return in rumor's flesh. Mr. Eisenhower is pictured by Democratic Senators either as the innocent victim of the machinations of the palace guard or as incapable of understanding the ethical considerations of a contract with which he was supposed to be intimately acquainted. Either way, the depreciation stands. It isn't as good as Teapot Dome: it lacks the-down-to-brass-tacks corruption of the Truman Administration; but it will serve.

It's the Law

The law seems to be conspiring to help Adlai Stevenson. Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York, a powerful vote-getter, would like to be the Democratic Vice Presidential nominee. The Mayor is admittedly a Stevenson admirer, but he couldn't be a candidate and team up with Ave Harriman. They're both from New York State. A provision of the Constitution reads: "The [Presidential] electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom shall not be from the same state with themselves."

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

EDITORS

James Burnham Willmoore Kendall

Suzanne La Follette

Jonathan Mitchell William S. Schlamm

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES and CONTRIBUTORS

L. Brent Bozell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, Frank S. Meyer, Gerhart Niemeyer, E. Merrill Root, Morrie Ryskind, Freda Utley, Richard M. Weaver

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: F. A. Voigt *Paris*: Eudocio Ravines

Taipei: John C. Caldwell

Vienna: Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Geneva: Wilhelm Roepke

BUSINESS MANAGER: Arthur W. D. Harris

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Theodore A. Driscoll

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The WEEK

SOME prominent Republicans contend that foreign policy must not be discussed in 1956, and some prominent Democrats contend that the Republicans cannot get away with this contention. We agree, for a change, entirely with the Democrats. That anybody could compel the electorate to forget the lessons of Geneva is of course inconceivable. Nor should the Republicans be scared that the discussion will necessarily help the Democrats. The "spirit of Geneva" was, after all, bottled by Mr. Adlai Stevenson even before the Administration put it up for sale. And should, as we hope he will, the American voter decide not to buy it in 1956, the unsalable stuff would pile up primarily in the Democratic corner.

PIERRE Mendès-France is furious at Premier Edgar Faure for calling an election for January 2, five months ahead of the expected date: M. Mendès-France has not had time to think up a suitable anti-Communist slogan to cover a deal with the Communists.

NOW THAT we've got "the one big union" we are not at all sure we know what we've got. NATIONAL REVIEW has tried to find out and will report next week all it has learned about the marriage of AFL and CIO. For the moment we want to express our doubts about the seriousness of the marriage vow. Clearly, the two did not unite "for better or for worse" but exclusively for better—and it is by no means certain that Mr. Meany and Mr. Reuther agree what *is* better for *whom*. The unions, in other words, don't look today one bit more united than last week, when Mr. Meany's forces tried to get fancy nation-wide contracts while Mr. Reuther's cabal was reaching for nation-wide political power. And so, even before we cover the marriage, we want to confess that we see reasons for divorce.

THE indictment for fraud of Matthew J. Connelly, Truman's appointments secretary, and T. Lamar Caudle, head of the Truman Treasury Department's tax division, fills us with nostalgia. Those were the days!—a deep freeze here, a mink coat there, and the little red herring drawn redolently over all!

OUR resident expert on the Liberal line, Professor Kendall, predicted in our first issue "a brilliant future" for the stirrings for more spending as the Liberal catchall solution to our problems. We dis-

cuss the Indian crisis below, and want to quote here the solution to it, advanced by a reliable spokesman for American Liberals, the *New York Times*: "Since 1953 our aid to other countries has declined and we have spent money on military assistance at the cost of economic assistance. . . . We may have to reconsider this policy. We cannot buy our way into the hearts of men but we can feed the hungry, give work to the idle, heal the sick, and show the long downtrodden races of the world how to stand up and be free—*free even of us, our pressure and our wishes.*" And though this policy may have failed in all other respects, it certainly succeeded in achieving the underscored objective: Asia, God knows, feels free to act "free of our wishes"!

MR. BOZELL'S column this week is devoted to a review of a stunning procedural device called "group dynamics." It was via "group dynamics" that the White House Education Conference was led by the nose to a prestipulated consensus calling for federal aid to education. We are relieved to see that the Liberals have thus resolved the thorny conflict that sometimes arises between the bullheaded masses and the enlightened elite. Congratulations!

IN ROBERT S. BYFIELD, who died suddenly on December 1, the country has lost an outstanding citizen and NATIONAL REVIEW a good friend. His was a voice of sanity in a world that is noisy with the statics of lunacy. This sane voice will be sadly missed and joyfully remembered.

The Road to Berlin

The new Communist squeeze on Berlin started November 27 with the arrest and detention for four hours of two United States Congressmen. It continues with gradually tightening moves that may choke off the narrow corridors through which barge, truck and rail traffic flow to that island city.

These actions are in furtherance of the Soviet strategic campaign, begun in earnest three months ago, to swing a reunited Germany into the Soviet orbit by "the Lublin way": that is, by the method for which the pattern was established in the Polish operation carried out in the latter part of the world war.

Because an overwhelming anti-Communist majority would be returned, Moscow refuses a free all-German election. In place of it, she plans 1) recognition of equal claims to sovereignty by East and West Germany; 2) formation of a combined—united front—German provisional government through negotiated agreement; 3) mounting Communist ascendancy within the united front, according to standard procedure, resulting finally in 4) transformation of the united front German government into a Communist government, as in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

The new Berlin squeeze is designed to compel West Germany and the Western Potsdam powers (the U. S., France and Britain) to recognize the East German government. The Communists take the position that Soviet occupation has ended and that East Germany is now an independent, sovereign state. Therefore, since the corridors run through East German territory, all arrangements for traffic into Berlin must be made with the East German government. To accept the argument means, of course, *de facto* recognition of East German sovereignty, as well as *de facto* acceptance of the end of Berlin's special status as an enclave within East Germany.

It is reported that Ambassador Conant has vigorously protested these machinations, and has sternly announced (to a press conference): "If new incidents . . . happen, we will protest again." We rather imagine that protests were anticipated by the Communist leaders and that Mr. Conant has failed to terrify them.

There is only one serious reply to these bold, aggressive and illegal moves against Berlin. This is the reply that at the outset of the 1948 blockade was proposed by General Lucius Clay, but never made: to serve due and formal notice that the barges, trucks and trains will continue to serve Berlin, and that if there is interference they will proceed under whatever military escort may be needed to guarantee their transit; and then to act accordingly.

As nearly all commentators recognized in subsequent analysis of the 1948 Berlin blockade, the Communists would be certain to back down if they saw that we really meant business. Not only would the problem of a threatened new blockade be solved. By this action—and by this action only—we could throw the entire Communist campaign for the absorption of Germany off its strategic track.

At Last

At long last, Mr. Henry Ford has rebuked Robert Hutchins. He might have done so more forcefully, to be sure, and there is a great deal more that Mr. Ford owes the public by way of passing judgment on the multifarious activities of the Ford Foundation. But he has made a forthright beginning for which he should be complimented.

The third paragraph of a letter he addressed last week to those who had written in to complain about the Fund states:

Despite the fact that I have no legal right to intervene in the affairs of the Fund for the Republic, I have exercised my right as a private citizen to question the manner in which the Fund has attempted to achieve its stated objectives. Some of its actions, I feel, have been dubious in character and inevitably have led to charges of poor judgment. What effect my comments may have remains to be seen. I am satisfied, however, that no public trust can expect to fulfill its responsibilities if it does not respond to intelligent and constructive public criticism.

The Polls: A Confidence Game

The great political confidence game is on again—the nomination of Presidential candidates by public polls. Ever since an upsurge of manipulated public opinion forced Wendell Willkie on a rather unwilling Republican Convention in 1940, Madison Avenue gets purposefully restless on the eve of every Presidential year. And in 1952, those pre-convention public polls, more than anything else, annihilated Senator Taft's excellent chances to receive the Republican nomination that was his due.

Now the point about the public polls on prospective candidates is not that they are inaccurate. For all we know they *are* accurate—give or take the margin of one to three per cent by which, it happens, elections are usually won or lost. But we leave that technical argument for another occasion and, for the moment, concentrate on the profound political immorality of the enterprise. It is, indeed, not just a stacked but an outright immoral game.

It started, by the way, particularly early this year, and for perfectly visible reasons. When Mr. Eisenhower's heart attack made it obvious in October that the Republican Party will have to win with another candidate, and the seriously separated factions within the party hurriedly began to jockey for position, the faction in control of the White House staff naturally fell back on the Willkie "ploy." Naturally, we say, because that "ploy" is, after all, what lifted them to power—the technique of forcing themselves on the Republican Party by promising that they can deliver the public. And their chances of putting their candidates over on the Republican Convention next year depend entirely on the slickness with which they can make their "public" case.

Government by popularity polls corrupts the democratic principle. If there is a justification of universal suffrage (and we hope there is), it is surely the assumption that *once the issue of the election is clearly stated,* the majority of the voters will cast their votes in their own intelligently understood interest. Yet precisely this assumption is discarded by the public polls. As their promoters themselves coldly boast, the public polls cannot report how the voters really feel about issues that are being seriously debated. The polls can merely state how an artfully promoted candidate, or a sloganized issue, at a given moment fares with the public.

For instance, Chief Justice Earl Warren is constantly shown to be leading all other prominent Republicans in public approval. Whence this popularity? It stems from the fact that the same press that goes on to publish the results of polls is in fact responsible for the verdict they yield. For it is the press which attaches to Mr. Warren, and to him most conspicuously, the fashionable tag, "middle of the road."

Why else is Warren so popular? Because the public is intimately acquainted with the record of his administration of California and approves it? Clearly not. The mass of the people do not do that kind of political homework. Because of the figure he cuts as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court? No. For it has little bearing, except that it proves that he is a man of pleasant mien, and presence. Or is it his political popularity in California that does it, the fact that he is a demonstrated vote-getter? The reasoning is circular. In short, Warren's Gallup popularity rests on the more or less spontaneous portrayal of him, by the press, as a middle-of-the-roader—combined, of course, with the indispensable fact that he is unscarred by partisan combat, having stayed out of any political battle that takes tolls.

Now we are not at all sure that the American electorate really wants to drive in the middle of the road; but for the sake of the argument we grant it. So what is proved? Mainly that the press has successfully branded Mr. Warren in the public mind as tailor-made for the Presidency.

To present this to the Republican Convention as evidence that only Mr. Warren can win the election, and therefore Mr. Warren must get the nomination, involves debauching almost all democratic assumptions. It is like saying that the temperature of a patient taken *before* a specific medicine was administered determines the curative prospects of that medicine. Second, it is tantamount to admitting with the utmost cynicism that the campaign the chosen candidate is supposed to go on to wage is superfluous, the election having been decided before the battle began. Third, it contends that the convention delegates (who may as well have stayed home) are not supposed to nominate the best embodiment of the party's reasoned policies, but the current American Beauty King.

And anyway, the Madison Avenue approach to politics turns out to be thoroughly inconsistent. For the same political forces that employ it can be photographed any day of the week telling us that *any* candidate can nowadays be made the people's choice

inside of two months, what with TV, Arthur Godfrey, and all.

And so, NATIONAL REVIEW promises to do its part in policing the race tracks. It will gladly participate in any sporting game aimed at trying to beat the odds; but it will keep an eye on the touts. It will insist that no horses be doped. And it will, above all, advocate that, to find out the winner, the race be run.

Two Internationals

Mr. Truman's patented method for sweeping Communist dirt under the rug has been adopted in Britain. With some of the noisier back-benchers in Parliament clamoring for an investigation of the circumstances whereby the Burgess-Maclean partnership in treason was allowed to remain high in Foreign Office councils—and then to flee to Russia—Prime Minister Eden has set up a truly Trumanesque commission of inquiry which is to keep its findings secret. Among its members is Lord Jowett, a former Lord Chancellor, who recently wrote a defense of Alger Hiss so zealous it included over one hundred errors and distortions of fact.

Sir Anthony will have need of the Honorable Earl's services. For if the truth be told, the sexual peculiarities and occasional espionage of Burgess and Maclean are but a small part of the story. Maclean's protector at the British Embassy in Washington and at the Foreign Office was the late Lord Inverchapel, a friend of the Agnes Smedley cabal in China, who saw eye to eye with Burgess and Maclean on many points. Ambassador Bullitt once remarked that in our diplomacy we had to guard against two internationals —the Red and the Homosexual. This is something the British are trying very hard not to learn.

India and the Perishing West

The nervousness with which U. S. spokesmen attempt to explain away the response to Khrushchev and Bulganin in India betrays the tortured misgivings that Western policymakers now feel, so very late in the day, about their formula for stopping the Communist hordes. For that formula relies on a number of assumptions not one of which is undamaged by the spectacle in India.

To be sure, the Indians are a display-loving people who will turn out in vast numbers to greet, or peer at, almost anyone. It is also true that the enormous crowds that turned out to greet the Communists were there in part because Indian officials successfully contrived to bring them out by declaring official holidays, whipping up sentiment via official announcements of welcome, and so on. Still, after all is said and done there is no getting around the measure of spontaneity that characterized the reception. The Communist press around the world is entitled to crow: India's response to the two top officials of the Communist empire was enthusiastic and even orgiastic. That is the judgment of reliable witnesses.

Here are some assumptions shaken by the demonstrations:

1. We have widely assumed that the key to the Indian's mind lies in his stomach. Feed him, and he will turn his sympathies to the West. Starve him, and he turns for succor to Moscow.

That theory, widely known as the "stomach theory" of Communism, is fallacious, and was laid to rest by Mr. James Burnham three years ago in a book called *Containment or Liberation?*. Notwithstanding, the theory continues to enthrall many strategic Westerners. It is behind the so-called Point Four approach to Communism. Yet after showering billions of dollars worth of attention on the physical needs of the Indian people, we wake up to find that the people manifestly disinterested in the health and welfare of the average Indian are the heroes, while the benefactors are the villains.

2. We have widely assumed that "public relations" (of the kind of which Mr. Chester Bowles, while U. S. Ambassador to India, was the most conspicuous practitioner) will take care of whatever problem is left over after the stomachs are filled. To that end we have utilized the moving picture, the radio, the magazine, the newspaper, and even the peripatetic evangelist. And of course indigenous friends of freedom carry on the work on their own initiative. Yet after years of this kind of thing, could one hope that General Eisenhower would get as enthusiastic a reception as Bulganin got?

3. At the root of Liberal-Western assumptions as to how to defeat Communism lies the proposition that, all things being equal, "truth will win out in the market place of ideas"—that, left to his own devices, man will choose freedom over slavery. And no matter whether a man is formally educated (the assumption goes on), he is equipped to assess political alternatives shrewdly enough to opt for freedom rather than slavery.

The Indian performance by no means inters this thesis (any more than do the large Communist minorities in Italy and France); but it leaves it a little bloody. Even if one assumes that the majority of Communist supporters in India are among the illiterate, one wonders (assuming that their ignorance of East and West is about equal) why they should end up siding so emphatically with the Communists. And then we can turn to representatives of the educated elite—to Nehru himself, or Krishna

Menon, or U Nu of Burma: why are they pro-Communists? And is this not the term to use, at this point, rather than the wistful term, "neutralist"?

Whatever else emerges from the confused picture, certainly one thing does: the West must probe deeply the foundations on which it has constructed its anti-Communist fortress. For we are losing the third world war. We are losing Asia. Let us hope that however vulnerable we are to Communist conniving we will not be so unintelligently dogmatic as to continue to contend, even as we come up for the third time, that a few more billions will keep us afloat. Money won't do it. Nor will a hypnotic reliance on Truth. The time is here for an agonizing reappraisal. NATIONAL REVIEW has no facile solution. But we suspect that the answer lies in power. Asia's masses want to be on the winning side. We must act like winners, and this involves changing our entire Asian policy.

Return to First Principles

Although the assignment of blame and the degree of pessimism differ, there is now almost general agreement that the Administration must re-examine its foreign policy. The admitted failure of the Foreign Ministers' Conference, the flare-up in the Near East, the Khrushchev-Bulganin Oriental mission, the renewed cannon fire on the China coast are compelling portents.

What has collapsed is our effort to reach a condition of reasonable coexistence with the Soviet Union. No one can deny that this policy, on Washington's part, has been most resolutely pursued—pursued in the face of a myriad rebuffs, disappointments and, one might add, in the face also of a mountain of evidence from past and present that ought to have proved to our leaders in advance how futile the policy was certain to be. Khrushchev, Molotov, Bulganin and Kaganovich evidently decided to show—prematurely, one would think, from their own point of view—the Bolshevik fist that has been kept clenched under the coexistence cloak.

But if it is time for us to change direction, where are we to go?

The chief spokesmen of the Republicans have tried to keep as silent as possible (or at least as vague as possible) in replying to the Democratic attacks. Naturally they do not like to admit that a policy of their Administration has failed. But if they don't admit it, the voters will.

On this issue—which is of course the issue of national survival—the Republicans will find coyness a political crime, and frankness both expedient and honorable. And to the positive and deciding question of what policy to substitute for the collapsed policy of coexistence, the Republicans have ready at hand an answer which, though not complete or detailed, is the correct answer so far as it goes. It also happens to be the answer that is bound to do the Republicans a lot of good.

The answer: the foreign policy of the Republican Party as this was explained to the voters during the campaign year of 1952. It is the policy expressed in Secretary Dulles' article published by *Life* in the spring of 1952; in the campaign speeches of candidate-Eisenhower—outstandingly in the September 1952 speech to the American Legion—and of many other Republican candidates (of all wings of the party). It is the policy advocated in the official party platform as adopted at the Republican Convention of 1952. It is time to return to it.

Mrs. Preston Davie

Mrs. Preston Davie of New York is a middle-aged woman who is well-born, wealthy, talented—and conservative! She discharges her obligations to her family and her country by exercising a cultivated appreciation of her heritage. By contrast with so many of her stylized contemporaries, who allot their carefully measured hours of public spirit among lofty abstractions, Mrs. Davie spends her time with myriad practical charities, in practical politics, and doing what she can for refugees from behind the Iron Curtain.

Her devotion over the years to the cause of a free Poland led her last week to a singular honor. The government of Free Poland conferred upon her the Order of the Gold Cross of Merit. The ceremony, held at Mrs. Davie's home, and witnessed by some of America's most influential men and women, notably Senator William Knowland, was simple. Everything was *de rigueur*, and rather nervously so after the representative of Free Poland fastidiously refused, on grounds of propriety, to comment on America's conduct of foreign affairs. Mrs. Davie disregarded a prepared speech of acceptance and spoke extemporaneously for a memorable two or three minutes. She told the assembly that the ghosts of Yalta and Potsdam would haunt us until we breathed life into our rhetoric and did something of a concrete nature about the enslaved satellite countries, and that a good beginning would be to withdraw recognition from Communist Poland and extend it to Free Poland. She urged everyone to work relentlessly to preserve freedom, to be firm, and not to despair; and, indeed, despair was out of the question for those who saw this woman, or heard her speak, and experienced the invigoration of her courage.

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

The current strategy of the Liberal propaganda machine is dictated by 1) the impossibility of outguessing some major uncertainties in the domestic political situation, and 2) Liberal inhibitions about adopting firm positions on domestic politics until these uncertainties have been cleared up. Understanding the machine's day-to-day behavior in its present phase is, therefore, mainly a matter of grasping what those uncertainties are, and why firm propaganda positions, in the areas to which they relate, would endanger Liberal purposes.

The uncertainties, as this columnist sees them, have to do with the following questions:

Will the doctors tell Eisenhower that opting for a further campaign and a further term in the White House would be tantamount to committing suicide?

Assuming the doctors do tell Eisenhower that he can carry on without risking his life, will he let himself be drafted?

If Eisenhower does let himself be drafted, will he keep Nixon on the ticket, and if he does keep Nixon on the ticket, will he be able to persuade folks to give Nixon the benefit of the nation's normal don't-care attitude about who gets to be Vice President?

If Eisenhower refuses to be drafted, will he toss the ball to somebody else, and if so to whom?

Is it true, as some political observers allege, that every day's delay of Eisenhower's withdrawal (assuming that is in the cards) strengthens Nixon's hand against all other contenders for the Republican nomination?

Is Eisenhower going to reactivate himself as President in a way that will make *him*, not Dulles not Benson, fully responsible for current policies?

Will the three major contenders for the Democratic nomination continue to make disturbingly different noises about strategy in the coming elections? And if so, which of the three is going to win?

These questions, we may pause to notice, fall into two categories: those that nobody but nobody can answer, and those that nobody but Mr. Eisenhower can answer. Perhaps *everything* depends on what the doctors tell Eisenhower; and then perhaps Eisenhower has made up his mind not to run whatever the doctors tell him, in which case *nothing* depends upon the doctors. As for the questions only Eisenhower can answer, he is clearly going to answer them in his own good time, which may not be for weeks and weeks or even for months and months; and, having contributed generously to Eisenhower's recent canonization, the machine is not in a position to try to needle him into answering sooner rather than later.

The machine, I repeat, cannot adopt positions on the domestic political front until it knows the answers to these questions without endangering long-term Liberal purposes. At the risk of repeating some points made in this column in earlier issues, let us be clear why.

The machine's major long-term function is to handle news and opinion in the nation's mass communications in such fashion that both parties will end up nominating Liberal Presidential candidates, and thus assure victory to the Liberals no matter which party wins the election. The Democrats can be counted on to nominate a Liberal candidate as a matter of course. The Republicans, by contrast, *can't* be counted on, wherefore the machine must keep constant pressure on the Republican Party to steer clear of non-Liberal or anti-Liberal candidates. This pressure, as we have seen it between elections as far back as this columnist can remember, takes one or another of two forms: 1) *discrediting potential non- or anti-Liberal candidates*. This is done chiefly by convincing the target audience that such candidates hold economic ideas that would get us into another depression, or that they want the United States to repudiate its "responsibilities" in "the world," or that they are errand-boys of the malefactors of great wealth, or that however good their purposes they use forbidden methods. And 2) *convincing the pro's who control the Republican Convention* that such a candidate couldn't possibly win. (Don't ask *me*—since the premise here clearly is that the majority of the electorate would vote for a Liberal candidate against a non-Liberal candidate—why the Liberals slice it that way, instead of trying to stick the Republicans with a loser. This is one of the great riddles of American politics; and I have yet to see an interesting guess as to its solution.)

That, I say, is the machine's central mission, to which all other missions are automatically subordinated. And President Eisenhower's heart attack plus President Eisenhower's silence plus the fact that the incumbent Vice President is such a man as Richard Nixon add up to a situation in which there is no line the machine can adopt with any assurance that it will contribute to accomplishment of that mission. Nixon is too hot, as matters now stand, for the machine to handle; and there's nothing for it to do except mark time until Nixon somehow cools off. It ought to be busy killing him off as a Presidential prospect; but a) it doesn't know how to, and b) it doesn't dare.

Nor is it difficult to see *why* Nixon is too hot to handle. For one thing, the machine can't come out into the open with the real reasons for its animus against him. Obviously the Liberals cannot own up to their instinctive distrust of anyone who was anti-Hiss before everybody was anti-Hiss—that is, of anyone who is anti-Communist in other than the peculiar sort of way in which the Liberals are anti-Communist. The man who refused to fall for the Liberal line on Hiss *might* refuse to fall for the Liberal line on, for example, appeasing the Soviet Union, or for the "vastly increased economic aid to our Allies" that we found Mr. Bowles thumping the tub for a week ago. Worse still, he might, for just long enough to capture the Presidency, stand forth as an exponent of the Liberal line *without* having fallen for it—which opens up the awful possibility of the Liberals getting took by Nixon as the rest of us are always getting took by the Liberals.

You can't, in any case, use the

(*Continued on p. 21*)

The Southern Breakthrough

The concept of the South as dirt poor has become a myth. It is now industrial and prosperous, and its changed economic relation to the rest of the country is affecting national politics and parties

ISABEL PATERSON

When the dissident Democrats of the South came out for States Rights a few years ago, the nickname of Dixiecrats was bestowed on them in good-humored derision. They were taken to be performing a kind of Confederate ghost dance. At most it was only a local ruckus, though gratifying to the Republicans.

Never was a more complete failure to read the omens.

What the States Righters signified was the turning point of a hundred years of history, a tremendous shift of economic balance in the United States. The South has regained a relative position it had not held since a generation before the Civil War, or rather earlier. Such a realignment of physical forces is bound to bring about a commensurate change in the composition and regional influence of the nation's political parties. The States Righters were a genuine sign of the times, a sign that the old parties are breaking up, as the major parties cracked and fell apart between 1850 and 1860, in order to form again according to the altered relations of the various elements comprised in the nation's economy. Such changes occur gradually, but with a tendency to accelerate, so that the political response appears to be sudden because it is delayed action.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when the settled productive area of the United States mainly fronted the Atlantic seaboard, the North and South were in workable balance, with Virginia approximately in the middle. Virginia belonged to the Southern economy, so the South had a slight advantage in political control.

The interests of the two sections were not identical in respect of products, but more or less complementary. The North was commercial, the South was industrial. The old South is usually called "agrarian." It was no more so than the North in the beginning, and rather less so as time went on. Both sections raised most of their food supply. Both were short of specie. The North relied chiefly on the profit margin from trade and transport to bring in money. The South raised cash crops, of which cotton was an important raw material for power machine industry. The frequent reference to the old South as "feudal" is sheer nonsense. As for the "peculiar institution" of chattel slavery, it is an evil peculiar to a money economy. The form of bondage found in an agrarian society is serfdom. What should be kept in mind in regard to slavery in the United States is this: though it was a fact, it was always a hopeless anomaly, inconsistent with the moral, social, juridical and political axioms of the nation and the age; and brought under cover of law only by perversion of the terms of apprenticeship and contractual indentured service. Slavery must be dwelt upon in this context, not to reopen a closed debate, but because it was the terrible handicap which slowed down the South.

For awhile it didn't seem so, when the Southern economy expanded over the lower Mississippi valley, in a speculative burst of large-scale plantations. This developed river traffic, and aided in some degree the settlement of the upper valley, the present Middle West. In that period the South had ambitions extending in prospect to the Pacific. There is in the Southwest one slice of territory, the Gadsden Purchase, which was bought from Mexico for the right-of-way of a transcontinental railway Southerners hoped to build. They did not then affect to despise commerce or industry. They thought in terms of big business. They had the natural resources, including iron and coal. They had the brains and energy. It took ability to run the big plantations. It would be hard to find a better businessman, of larger views, than George Washington. And he saw what he was up against. Washington said candidly that he could manage his plantations with either free or slave labor, but not with both together.[1]

Effect of Inventions

The incidence of the machine age on the old South stands as a classic proof of the interaction of physical and moral laws. Three inventions, the cotton gin, the spinning jenny and the power loom, contributed to the rise of the "Cotton Kingdom.". Apparently a slave economy could draw on free enterprise at will for doubled profit. The magnitude of the error was manifest in short order. Further inventions were almost exclusively beneficial to free economies. Like Old Man River, the machines wouldn't chop cane or pick cotton. The South was stuck with simple manpower, while the rest of the nation was hitching up to go ahead with steam power.

Doubtless to boom in cotton and sugar tended to prevent emancipation, while the multiplying slave population also aroused fear. However, it is of record that only *one vote* was lacking to pass a bill of emancipation in the Virginia legislature, about 1830. Had Virginia then joined the free states, there might have been no Civil War. And surely the sentiment must have been

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Isabel Paterson is the author of God of the Machine *and other books. Many will remember her* Herald Tribune *column, "Turns With a Bookworm."*

[1]Washington had charge of the Custis slaves held in trust as part of his wife's dower from her first marriage. Trust property cannot be given away by the trustees. Therefore Washington did not emancipate his own slaves in his lifetime, but by will. Later Custis heirs, in whom the trust terminated, freed the dower slaves.

strong. Yet that was the last attempt made by any Southern state to unbind its burden. Why did the impulse rise to that crucial point and then sink down into a temper of angry, bewildered obstinacy?

To suppose that the governing motive was greed or brutality is at odds with the evidence. Admitting that the treatment of slaves in the old South was milder than ever known elsewhere is not saying much; but that much is true. Harriet Martineau, a firm abolitionist, was amazed at the easy-going domestic slave service, the habitual patience of masters and mistresses, the limited amount of work exacted.

Southerners were well aware that slavery impoverished the South. Their hot resentment toward Hinton Rowan Helper, author of *The Impending Crisis,* which analyzed and exposed the ruinous cost, really meant that they knew it already, and it hurt. Helper himself was a Southerner. Certainly if there had been general emancipation, it would still have taken time for the South to catch up. From a mule to a motor is a giant's stride. But there was just time—until it was too late.

Nor were Southerners insensible to "the opinion of mankind" which condemned them. They felt the opprobrium keenly. Documents such as Mrs. Chesnut's diary afford glimpses of deeply hidden weariness verging on horror. (Once when she saw a Negro girl for sale, she fainted.)

Not a Race Problem

Why, then, at the expense of their material prosperity and their finer feelings, did Southerners fight to the last ditch rather than get rid of their inherited curse?

The determinant cause was the gradual transformation of the United States from a republic to a democracy. Active sentiment in the South for emancipation became inert by inverse ratio to the spread of unqualified suffrage. George Washington had not to consider that contingency; it didn't exist in his day. Thirty years later the South faced it.

How could free men be denied the vote, which had come to be regarded as a right without qualification? And if the vote were given to an ignorant, irresponsible, *unpropertied* populace, how should the South survive at all?

It was not and is not a race problem. (Actually, it's a structural problem pertaining to the form of the organization, much the same as in a bridge or a skyscraper.) On the outbreak of the French Revolution, Arthur Young predicted "anarchy and despotism" (the Terror and Napoleon) when he saw an unqualified electorate voting the unlimited "will of the people." He explained that the American Revolution was entirely different; the states retained the property qualification for the vote, and what's more, a bigger one for candidates. His French friends were so uplifted by their own verbiage, they couldn't hear him.

With all this, it is impossible to understand why the South went in for a Democratic Party. It is equally incomprehensible why a party calling itself Republican went in for actual democracy. Both of them just did, that's all. Only rational actions and terms can be understood. (Today the open-mouthed admirers of the "great experiment" of slave labor camps call themselves "liberals." It is idle to ask their reasons. Reason cannot penetrate the cracks in their skulls.)

During the second quarter of the nineteenth century the relative position of the South worsened steadily. Production figures are not available until 1850, but about 1840 "capital invested in manufactures" was estimated at $215 million for the free states and $52 million for the slave states. These modest sums may look laughable. I don't know about that. It depends on which way you are looking, forward or back.

About 1850, production was computed by J. B. B. DeBow (then the leading economist of the South). This is said to be "the first real analysis ever made of the census returns," for "the product of manufactures, mining and the mechanic arts." The figures were as follows:

Free states	$845,000,000.
Slave states	168,000,000.

Five to one in favor of the free states. And a division of those totals by regional blocks of states is most enlightening in the context of history:

New England	$275,000,000.
Middle (Atlantic) states	472,000,000.
Southern (the old South)	54,000,000.
Southwestern (as meaning the lower Mississippi Valley)	26,000,000.
Northwestern (Ohio to Wisconsin)	187,000,000.

The rate of increase is far more important than the quantities of a given year. The quantity is volume; the rate is velocity, which has direction. The significance of an accelerating rate is indicated by the vectors.

Therefore observe one regional total, "Northwestern," or what we now call the Middle West, which wasn't in production a quarter century earlier. In 1850 its production was greater than that of all the slave states.

This was the westward expansion of "the North," taking in enormous new sources of raw materials for industry by the simultaneous development of finance capital.

In 1850, the estimated average value of farm lands was $20.27 per acre in New England, $28.07 in the middle (Atlantic) states, $11.39 in the "Northwestern" (Middle West), and only $5.34 in the old South. (So much for the "agrarian" character of the various sections.) Between 1850 and 1860 the manufacture of agricultural machinery in the Middle West increased 313 per cent. Its market would correspond to acreage and the price of land. In brief, the new Middle West and the South had not much reciprocal interest. The South was more and more isolated from the national economy as a whole.

To realize the progression of events, one may imagine something like a chronological series of economic maps. During the first fifty years of the century they would show a prodigious shift and change in the geography, volume, velocity and vectors of production throughout the United States.[2] The lines of force would trace a great, fast-moving curve westward from the north and middle Atlantic states.

The Old Parties Split

Meantime the South retained a degree of political influence disproportionate to its economic standing. The two factors had ceased to be coordinates. The result was a torsion which inevitably split the old parties. With the deadlock of slavery resisting adjustment, the outcome was the Civil

[2]The significance of the vectors is best explained by a striking example. Missouri was a slave state. Before the Civil War, bloodshed began on the Kansas-Missouri border, by lawless raids. But slavery was not important in Missouri's economic interests. St. Louis was the principal depot of the frontier. The vectors pointed West. Missouri did not join the Confederacy. That bit of history is curiously alive to this day, since St. Louis is still one of the major "fur-trading posts" of the world.

War—something had to give. Not that a break-up of parties must cause civil war. It may be rather an informal equivalent of the redistribution of congressional districts.

War is a tragic disaster which rarely extirpates its causes; but the Civil War did put an end to chattel slavery. At the close, the production plant of the South was practically destroyed, the working force disorganized, and a heart-breaking toll taken of the young men. Even so, in the exhaustion and grief of defeat, many Southerners experienced a sense of relief. The best men counselled a new start. Instead, "Reconstruction" (another weird twist of a word) set back recovery indefinitely. The best men were deprived of civil rights. Crushing taxes and a huge debt for bonds which could never be paid, the proceeds spent in graft, impaired credit when it was most needed; and the "race problem" was left as an embittered legacy.

The Democratic Party of the "solid South" was a regional defensive body, solidified by Reconstruction. It remained so because a problem insoluble under the imposed rules always results in grim determination to maintain the status quo. That was its substantial interest. And the party of an assured regional majority is much stronger than the number of its adherents would indicate, especially when its function is static.

A political party is not merely a fluid, nominal association of persons who happen to hold similar opinions on current topics. Nor does it consist of the personal followers of a "leader"; that is a mob. A party has stability, duration and meaning by the legitimate material private interests it represents.

The Republican Party was kinetic. It came into being to represent the conjoined interests of power machine industry and finance capital in reciprocal relation between the Northeast and the Middle West. The threat of disunion hastened its emergence. With the whole nation in flux, and four considerable parties improvised from the wreckage, the Republican Party won its first election only by a plurality of little more than a third of the electoral vote. But it did win because it had the greatest potential; and the Presidency was thrown to Illinois because just then Illinois approximated the "head" of the westward flow of economic forces, the point of highest pressure on the bulging curve. Later Ohio was found to approximate the kinetic center of gravity. The substantial element of the Republican Party lay in those regional areas. However, the Civil War gave it immediate predominance, and left it thoroughly organized for a long inning.

The Vectors Point South

Meantime the natural resources of the South still existed. As finance capital accumulated, it was bound by its function to flow South.

Another series of economic maps must be imagined to show what happened after, say, 1900, and up to 1950. Imagine them as filling in the Southern half of a map of the United States. The pattern would resemble largely the pattern of the Northern half for the previous fifty years. And it would also be seen that the long-dormant hopes and ambitions of the old South have been accomplished. There is a vast industrial development with an identical interest (especially oil) clear across the Southern tier of states from the Gulf to the Pacific. And this powerful interest is not isolated; it has a reciprocal interest with the Middle West and the Middle Atlantic States. The vectors point South.

Possibly capital investment in the Northern tier is still much greater than in the Southern tier. That would count for something, but direction and velocity count for more. The equation is $M=\left(\frac{V}{2}\right)^2$. It may be that Ohio is still the center of gravity of the industrial interest. But industry is no longer tied to New England or New York by the reciprocal interest of finance capital. That is because finance capital isn't what it used to be, twice over. As a matter of fact it has always been in process of change. A hundred years ago Boston and New York investors ventured money out of their private pockets, from their own business profits, high risk for high direct returns and very often a tight squeeze to pull through. This individual judgment system was succeeded by "pools" and stock market flotations and the great bankers' combinations. Now the major industries practically finance themselves, and the function of the financial centers is hardly more than that of registering the transaction and carrying out the technical part of the operation in due form.

The political consequence appeared in the last Republican Convention, when New York deliberately executed a personal spite vendetta against Ohio and Illinois, which would have been unthinkable fifty years ago.

Well, then, if the two components of the Republican Party have ceased to be reciprocal—if indeed one component has vanished and the other has been drawn into a different regional reciprocity—logically one must ask, is there in reality a Republican Party?

If there is, what is its substantial interest?

Certainly there will be a Republican Convention next year, and a ticket and a campaign. The Cheshire Cat's grin lingered in the air after its body had dematerialized. There is also the glorious memory of the last election. I don't know about that either; the memory is obviously defective in spots.

Undoubtedly the Democratic Party has its own troubles. Any other condition would amount to loss of identity. During the prolonged period of resistance, the South certainly was poor. That was a fact. In course of time it became a myth. After the carpetbaggers came the boll-weevil, and after the boll-weevil came the writers. Strictly speaking the indigenous crop of writers was perennial (some very good ones); and writers from outside came visiting. The latter were inclined to dabble in sociology. It was said (by a Southern writer) that formerly in the South everyone talked and nobody listened, and then everyone wrote and nobody read. But the outside world read the books from and concerning the South. It became established by the infallibility of print that the South was illiterate, romantic, decadent, nostalgic, reactionary, charming, and dirt poor. It was afflicted with magnolias, hillbillies, colonels, sharecroppers, mammies, moonshine, aristocrats, the Bible Belt and poverty. Furthermore, it wished the North would mind its own business, a reprehensible attitude, to which poor folks have no right. They *are* the business of the philanthropists, the sociologists and the uplifters, who otherwise would be out of a job. The South was sinfully poor. This digression is not irrelevant; it notes further progress toward making the world safe for democracy.

The southward flow of capital and industry, the gush of oil wells, the revival of diversified agriculture, could

not dissipate the myth. The idea of poverty worried the North, secure on the permanent level of prosperity which it is to be hoped nobody remembers as of 1929. Something must be done about the South.

Party Control Lost

Came the worldwide financial crash and the great depression, which brought the Democrats to power with the North in distress.

The Democrats had been taught what to do. They put over Reconstruction on the North, complete with trimmings: confiscation, the abrogation of contract, taxes that cut to the bone, arbitrary authority, humiliating regulations, and whoever did not like it could go to jail. Carpetbag administration spread over the land.

Only it cost the Southern Democrats control of their own party, at the moment when their historic vision of a greater South was being realized. It was as if a man just coming into a belated inheritance of incalculable wealth had signed it away in exchange for a ticket to a soup kitchen, because he could not get over feeling poor.

The Democratic Party created a monstrous bureaucracy. Three years ago the ungrateful creature tried to bounce the Southern Democrats out of their own convention. The instrument of exclusion singularly resembled the Ironclad Oath of Reconstruction days.

The Southern Democrats retorted by throwing the election to the Republican candidate. The action was extremely skilful. They contrived to throw only the Presidency and Vice Presidency, while electing their genuine Southern ticket in other respects as usual.

That is what the Republicans do not remember. It was done in full daylight, and even with advance notice. Nevertheless the Republicans remained unaware of the whole performance, and bravely won the election on their own confessed merits, chiefly by the seat of their candidate's pants and an appeal by the vice candidate's pup on television. It was a famous victory.

The carbon monoxide school of pundits of the Republican press promptly went into a profound coma, muttering of schemes to introduce the two-party system in the South. The Republican professional politicians said that was a fine idea, and then dropped it, inasmuch as the oracles didn't tell them what to use for money.

One reason maybe why the Southern Democrats did not leap at the chance of having another party is there are already two parties in the South, the old Democratic Party and the bureaucratic party, tied together like Kilkenny cats with a single label. The question is, which shall have control. There is a substantial interest at stake. The Republicans are not trying to regain their own party, because it has no substance. Of course, the interest of any party machine as such is to win an election; but unless it also serves some interest of the voters, why should the voters care? It is the private interest that sustains a permanent reliable vote.

If a dissident group of Republicans should appear, equivalent to the Dixiecrats, it would be a sign that the party still has an interest. In the meantime, it may be possible for the Republicans to win one more election if the Democratic Party splits and runs two tickets, but that is nowhere near as good a bet as might be supposed, because much of the old Republican regional interest is ready to slide South, and it might slide more readily to the real party of the solid South, the conservative Democrats, if they were definitely on their own. In such contingency, the vectors indicate that the curve approximates Texas, which is the central state of the Southern tier, and the largest, and the strongest in industry, and committed to "States Rights." Also a Texas candidate who looked the part would give the impression of a national rather than a sectional type. Prediction of short run and particular events is impossible from the relations of major forces and long run causes and effects; one can only say that while in more settled times the Presidency does not go to the "curve," but approximately to the center of gravity, these are not settled times, and a breakup could repeat the phenomena of 1850-60, though not in the same regional areas.

The ultimate question is whether real political parties can continue to exist at all under a vast bureaucracy. Perhaps not; the case of France would indicate that it is not possible. That is a very grave question, a prospect of paralysis, which needs to be studied separately. But it needs to be studied soon, for two more elections are likely to give the answer by demonstration.

ON THE LEFT

C. B. R.

Equal Justice. Newspapermen in Washington are still talking about how they were snubbed by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas when he chatted for forty minutes with visiting Soviet editors and excluded American reporters. Only later was it announced that Douglas, who has been crusading against the methods of congressional committees and investigative agencies in their attacks upon Communists, was very much impressed with the quality of Soviet judges. Such judges are responsible for sending millions of innocent victims to slave labor camps in the Workers' Paradise, or to their execution.

Friends of the Court. When 360 freeborn Americans—clergymen, teachers, professors, college presidents, authors, editors, publishers, physicians, lawyers, Negro leaders and trade unionists and one United States Senator—signed an *amici curiae* brief urging the U. S. Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional the Internal Security Act of 1950 (McCarran Act), they wittingly or unwittingly subordinated themselves to a detailed directive presented to the national conference of the Communist Party, U.S.A., on August 2, 1955 by Claude Lightfoot, a Communist leader. Declared Lightfoot:

> Our national concentration in the near future must be to defeat the several matters which await U. S. Supreme Court decisions. To repeat them, they are:
> 1. The Internal Security Act of 1950, commonly known as the McCarran Act and its revised version, the Communist Control Act of 1954.
> 2. The membership section of the Smith Act. . .
>
> It is possible and urgent that *amicus* briefs be filed [in Circuit Courts] signed by large numbers of church and Negro leaders, trade unionists, educators and students, scientists and cultural figures. Similar steps—the securing of *amicus* briefs in the crucial court challenge of the McCarran Act in the pending appeal of the C.P.U.S.A. *v.* Brownell before the Supreme Court—are likewise urgently needed.

There is no record that the Fund for the Republic has been appealed to on the ground that the civil rights of the 360 have been violated.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Although the campaign for federal intervention in education now swings, on schedule, into the legislative phase, interventionists are displaying unwarranted optimism. The White House Conference on Education was, everyone agrees, a brilliant propaganda stunt, both in staging and conception. Whether it was effective where it counts is, however, something else again. U. S. Congressmen are highly skeptical of the claim that the White House affair revealed overwhelming "grass-roots" support for federal aid. For it is a Congressman's business to distinguish an expression of public opinion from a parade.

The purpose of the Conference was not to find out whether there is public support for federal aid; it was not even to drum up support for federal aid. It was to *display* support.

The Administration reached a decision many months ago on the political advisability of endorsing the federal-aid principle, and determined to get a bill on the subject to Congress before the 1956 elections. But there were certain obstacles, notably the widely publicized pronouncements on the dangers of federal aid by President Eisenhower himself during his Columbia phase, and the Republican Party's general commitment to a "containment" policy, vis à vis federal agression against the states. What was needed, then, was a popular "demand" for legislation.

A possibility, and one in the accepted tradition, was to *create* the demand by beating the propaganda drums on the subjects of needy children and empty state coffers; if needed, an appropriate statistical survey could be ordered to prove the point. But the Administration's educational advisors felt this might take too long, and was, anyway, unnecessary. They settled on a "demonstration"—a propaganda technique which is usually used only in the more mature totalitarian state (*e.g.*, when Perón discovered last summer that the *descamisados* "wouldn't stand" for his resignation), but which also has American precedents (*e.g.*, in the 1940 nominating conventions when Wendell Willkie heard the people's call from the Philadelphia galleries, and FDR from the basement of the Chicago stadium).

As with any demonstration worth its salt, the educational show had to appear reasonably representative and reasonably spontaneous. The White House Conference has claims to being both: all "groups" were represented, and a spontaneity of sorts was achieved by putting the Conference preliminaries into the hands of state governors and educational organizations. Actually, arrangements were so loose that it is quite possible—as this Conference spectator believes but could never prove—that the majority of the delegates were opposed to federal aid.

Even so, the Administration left very little to chance; for it had developed a refinement of demonstration technique—a brand new method for ascertaining and recording the general will, called "group dynamics."

"Group dynamics" calls for breaking up a conference into small, seminar-type discussion groups. Each group considers the topic assigned for that day by exploring a set of "questions" prepared in advance; *but no votes are taken.* Individual views are recorded by the "group leader" who prepares a "consensus" of the opinions expressed. The group leaders then get together and agree on a consensus of the consensuses, and direct two of their number to write a report—which becomes the verdict of the conference.

Obviously, a demonstration via "group dynamics" must rely on the presence of a number of fast-talking, fact-laden "experts," who will be sure to be selected as group leaders. At the White House Conference, the requirement was met by the professional educators, and convention-wise officials of their front organizations, the NEA, the PTA, the American Association of University Women and the League of Women Voters. Equally important—since independent resolutions are outlawed along with voting—is the selection and framing of the "questions" the groups are asked to explore. The Administration's conference organizers took on this chore.

Last, but hardly least, such a demonstration needs a sympathetic press. "Group dynamics" might, after all, get out of hand (as, indeed, it did on a couple of occasions) and produce not only protests, but some discordant emphases in the reports. Since it is from the newspapers that the country learns about the demonstration, disturbances must not find their way into news stories, or at least not be obtrusive there.

As the press saw it, the drama unfolded as follows: On the first day, disagreement at the Conference was narrowed down to the question whether there should be more or much more federal aid. The "unexpected" plea in President Eisenhower's welcoming address for aid to needy areas (the general will had, after all, not yet emerged) had "split" the Conference. Some delegates, according to the *New York Times,* "welcomed" the President's speech as a "new look" at the education problem; the rest were "critical" because he had not gone far enough. Conceding that a third point of view might still be entertained somewhere in the provinces, the *Times* gave one sentence to a delegate's observation that the "diehard" opponents to federal aid "would be displeased."

On the third day, the public learned why the Conference was finding it hard to hold back. As the *Times'* lead put it: "Only two or three states were considered able to meet their school building needs in the next five years." This was the approved selection from the day's consensus, which also reported that *"No state represented has a demonstrated financial incapacity to build the schools it will need during the next five years"* and that what is lacking is not money, but a "political determination powerful enough to overcome all the obstacles."

On the fourth day, headlines hailed the final tabulation: "By a 2-1 Majority Conference Declares for Federal Aid." (For what it's worth, the single seminar scouted by this correspondent disobediently forced a vote and found 8-2 against federal aid of any kind.) Appropriately lodged at the end of the stories was the customary, orthodox warning against federal control accompanying federal aid.

Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

Adenauer, at eighty, has fully recovered from his serious illness and has taken over the government with a bang. His first act of real governing was a masterful rebuke to the minority partner in his coalition government, the FDP.

That somewhat unreliable rally of opportunistic politicians had assumed that, what with *Der Alte* practically gone and the Russians so deliciously tempting, the time had come for effective blackmailing. And so the leader of the FDP, Herr Thomas Dehler, had advanced two demands—a direct Russo-German "dialogue," and a much larger slice of the governmental German melon for the FDP. Adenauer, on returning to his office, crushed the rebellion in his best old style. He told the FDP, in an ultimatum-like letter, either to assure him by December 2 that the party adhered to his policy, or to get out of the government. And the rebellion collapsed.

But the delightful aggressiveness of the hardly recovered Adenauer has paradoxically increased the general German apprehensions about the near future: what, indeed, will happen to the German regime when one can no longer count on Adenauer's extraordinary presence? The forebodings during his recent illness were just as stern as the reassurance on his recovery was heart-warming: while no one knew whether Adenauer would survive, the coalition was practically falling apart, the Social Democrats were strutting as if they had already taken over, and Europe was full of whispers about secret Russo-German negotiations. Now sanity has returned with Adenauer. But for how long? True, *Der Alte* is a sturdy eighty. Yet more than ever Germany is aware that there is no one to succeed him.

Mr. Bohlen: Unwelcome

Whether or not Mr. Charles ("Chip") Bohlen was ever qualified to represent the U. S. in Moscow, his usefulness has been considerably reduced by a recent irreparable blunder. When Dr. Adenauer was being blackmailed in Moscow, and seemed to yield in part, Mr. Bohlen showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction—not so much, to be fair, because he enjoyed the Soviet success, but because he is driven by a strange animosity against the German Chancellor. And in this mood he committed the unpardonably tactless mistake of saying gleefully to a member of the German delegation: "Tell your Mr. Chancellor that, in the future, he can save his lectures on how to negotiate with the Soviets without yielding." Ever since, Mr. Bohlen has been *persona non grata* in Bonn—which is technically of course no reason to recall him, as he is accredited, not to Bonn, but to Moscow. But the question is whether Washington, at a time when German firmness vis-à-vis Soviet Russia is the prime concern of U. S. policy in Europe, and perhaps the world, can afford the embarrassment of being represented in Moscow by a man whom the Germans quite understandably distrust.

Finland's Temptation

An important flanking movement of the Soviet diplomacy (whose current aim Europe aptly defines as "annexation through neutralization") is the neutralization offensive against Scandinavia. This time, the customarily seducible Swedes may expect to walk down the primrose path in substantial Norwegian company: the Norwegian Labor Party, which was the core of Norway's stubborn resistance against the Nazi occupation, is emasculated by the advocates of neutralist coexistence with the Soviet Union. The coexistence policy has been officially underwritten by the Norwegian Government whose Prime Minister, Mr. Gerhardsen, has just finished a pilgrimage to Moscow. And now there are telling symptoms that even sturdy Finland will be unable to resist the most recent Soviet embrace.

It is, indeed, a forceful gambit. Bulganin, it seems, has sent word to the Finnish Government that Moscow would "react favorably" if Finland were to request a revision of the territorial "concessions" it was forced to make to the Soviet Union in 1944. At that time, Stalin confiscated (with U. S. support) the eastern Finnish province around Salla; and the Stalinoid "public opinion" in the U. S., regulated by the late Office of War Information, applauded this naked annexation with pious references to Russia's legitimate defensive needs: only by controlling Salla could the Soviet Union forestall any future German exploitation of the iron ore resources in Swedish Lapland and, above all, any future German raid on the strategic Norwegian railroad that connects Lulea and Narvik.

Actually, of course, the Soviets annexed that piece of Finnish territory for no other reason than to have a grip on Finland. Now they are playing their trump. It is unlikely that any Finnish government, in the face of U. S. "neutrality," can dare reject a Soviet offer to restore Salla to Finnish sovereignty in exchange for unlimited Finnish "cooperation" in neutralizing all of Scandinavia. This, one notes, is done in orthodox application of the thrifty Bolshevik principle of bribing the opponent only with *his* money, never with one's *own:* Finland, in exchange for whatever it will have to do, will receive Finnish territory—to lose all in a foreseeable future.

Who Is Laxness?

This year's Nobel Prize for literature went to one Halldor Kiljan Laxness, and this is what we have learned about the man. He was born in 1902, under the honest name of Gudjonsson, near Reykjavik, Iceland. In the mid-twenties he spent three years in California and Canada where he apparently contracted a bad case of "prolet-cult." At any rate, on his return to Iceland he began to produce a hack-writer's kind of propaganda-fiction, and he soon achieved, though only in Iceland, the reputation of being Iceland's Ilya Ehrenburg. But in the late forties some Communist joker submitted his name to the Nobel Prize Committee, not even causing a laugh. Then came Geneva—and the good committee just jumped at the chance to "coexist." Unfortunately, no more reputable Communist candidacy was available in a hurry, and so the lightning struck Laxness. It's the second international honor to come his way. The other: the World Peace Congress in Red Budapest elected Laxness Vice-Chairman in 1953.

THE LAW OF THE LAND

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Reflections on the Fifth Amendment

In April I published an article entitled "Problems of the Fifth Amendment" in the *Fordham Law Review*, a magazine of the legal profession. Among other things, the article took issue with a thesis advanced by Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School in his pamphlet "The Fifth Amendment Today." The article went unnoticed by the general public and most of the profession for a number of months, but after this period of incubation became the subject of comment and exposition by *Time*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and other publications and commentators. As a result I was invited to and did discuss the Fifth Amendment jointly with Dean Griswold at the Harvard Law School Forum and Marquette University. Also, a great many people have given me their thoughts on the subject both in writing and orally. The experience has induced a number of reflections and observations.

1. There is great interest in the Fifth Amendment. Over a thousand people went to both the meetings at Harvard and Marquette, and at Harvard went so far as to pay a seventy-cent admission charge. Considering the interest, there is remarkably little partisanship. Both audiences were friendly and attentive to both Dean Griswold and me, and I was unable to detect any difference between the responsiveness to Dean Griswold's remarks and that to mine. A possible explanation is that our presentations were sober and not political.

2. The principal disagreements between us were, as often happens, not so much about the history and fundamental principles of the Fifth Amendment as about the policy and propriety of their application.

One such disagreement arose from the rule of law that under certain circumstances a witness either may not claim the Fifth Amendment at all or, if he does, forfeits a privilege which he would otherwise enjoy, such as employment, or a license to practice medicine.

For instance, the officer of a corporation may not claim the Fifth Amendment when corporate papers in his possession are demanded by public officials. At the trial of a corporate officer for a criminal offense the District Attorney can even compel him to take the stand to identify corporate papers which constitute part of the prosecution's case against him. The theory is that because a corporation exists only by license of the state, the custodian of its papers does not enjoy the protection of the Fifth Amendment.

Similarly, to quote the Federal Court of Appeals in New York, "doctors must report deaths and their causes, druggists must show their prescription lists . . . motor vehicle operators must report details of collisions on the highway" irrespective of the Fifth Amendment.

Again, a number of cases involving government employees discharged for invoking the Amendment have adopted a line of reasoning expressed in a leading case as follows:

"Duty required them to answer. Privilege permitted them to refuse to answer . . . the exercise of such privilege was wholly inconsistent with their duty. . . . We are of the opinion that such a violation of duty . . . constitute [s] cause for dismissal. . ."

Another illustration of this approach is the well-settled rule that a bankrupt who invokes the Amendment thereby forfeits the right he otherwise would have to a discharge from his debts.

As I understand Dean Griswold, he recognizes this general principle. Thus he said that if $10,000 were missing from the till the directors of a bank would be well-advised to discharge a clerk who refused to answer questions about the loss on the plea of self-incrimination. Nevertheless he was pleased by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Florida reversing the disbarment of a lawyer for pleading the Fifth Amendment when asked about his membership in the Communist Party (the Sheiner case).

I fail to see the distinction. We all know that the Soviet Union has enlisted many Americans in a conspiracy to overthrow the government. A lawyer enjoys a special license from the state which, if he is a member of the conspiracy, peculiarly enables him to advance its interests. It is not as if he had only, say, a barber's license. Consequently a lawyer should answer all questions relevant to his knowledge of or participation in the conspiracy. If he refuses to do so, I see no reason why he should continue to enjoy his license, any more than the silent bank clerk should continue to enjoy his employment.

3. In the third edition of his treatise on the law of Evidence, published in 1940 and the leading text on the subject now in use, Professor Wigmore devotes 255 pages to the privilege against self-incrimination. His discussion of the use of the privilege in legislative investigations is confined to a single sentence in these 255 pages.

Today, however, any discussion of the Fifth Amendment seems to revolve largely about congressional investigations. In my appearances with Dean Griswold they came up this way:

If I understood Dean Griswold correctly, we agreed that if a witness is silent at a hearing or trial when his conduct is questioned, the trier of facts should draw an adverse inference against the witness. We also agreed that if at a hearing or trial it appeared that a witness had been silent on a former occasion when his conduct was questioned, he should have an opportunity to explain that silence and the inference to be drawn from that former silence should take into account the adequacy of the explanation. Our principal disagreement, as I understood it, lay in the readiness with which we would accept the explanation of a witness before a congressional committee that he had invoked the Fifth Amendment because he had been frightened or intimidated. Dean Griswold sincerely believes that in numerous instances witnesses before congressional committees have invoked the Amendment, not because they were Soviet agents, but as a refuge from a fearsome inquisition.

I can not agree with Dean Griswold's view. I have attended a number of congressional hearings and read the min-

(*Continued on p. 25*)

To the

Some of the hundred of ers, with comments th

You have done a beautiful job on your first issue which I hope will be repeated time and again. I like the pungent style, the courageous expression of views, as well as the format. But of all articles in your first issue, I give first prize to the editorial, "A Reasonable Defense of Yalta." This is one of the most devastating editorials I have ever read, and through its irony shows how false our position has been.

Washington, D. C. ARTHUR BLISS LANE

NATIONAL REVIEW promises to be the most brilliant and thoughtful journal of the generation. Its impact will be profound.

Hollywood, Cal. ADOLPHE MENJOU

After having read the initial issue of your stimulating magazine I wish to offer my heartiest congratulations. Your efforts are little short of Herculean in this era of befuddling collectivism and will undoubtedly be sincerely appreciated by more people than you anticipate . . .

Downey, Cal. DR. ROBERT A. HORSTMAN

I have just completed a first reading of NATIONAL REVIEW. You are certainly to be congratulated. It is a splendid job. I know it will be a great success.

Washington, D. C. PHILIP D. BRADLEY

I have read the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW . . . Yours is a brave and honorable undertaking and I pray that it prospers.

Rye, N. Y. ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

Congratulations on your splendid first issue . . . I sincerely believe that NATIONAL REVIEW represents an excellent literary contribution to sound thinking.

Chicago, Ill. STEPHEN I. MARTIN

The contents are excellent and I am looking forward with a whetted appetite to further and further contributions from your fine list of editors . . . My congratulations and best wishes for rewards . . . financially, politically and spiritually for all you have done in getting this fine journal started.

Boston, Mass. DR. SARA M. JORDAN

Allow me to congratulate you on a simply magnificent job! Even if you never get out another issue—and I'm sure now that you will get out many more issues—you have a solid achievement to your credit in this Vol. I, No. I, showing what a conservative weekly can be like. You have surveyed your field very accurately, I should say, and the road you have marked out should lead you on to a great success.

New York City H. G. RUCKERT

I seriously believe that a sound liberal outlook can in time solve all the world's problems. Stop, *stop* this very minute calling all the sensible people in this country "the Liberal Propaganda Machine." Your unreasonable behavior is really quite disgusting and makes me physically ill. In fact, reading your last issue gave me the worst case of gas pains I've had in thirty-one years. One compensation: the cover was inoffensive.

New Haven, Conn. P. H. HARE

Such a publication will be welcomed by all searchers for the truth. . . .

Grand Rapids, Mich. FLORENCE B. SMITH

. . . It is a fine conservative weekly journal, and I don't really see how you can turn out such a good job *every week*. . . .

Cockeysville, Md. MRS F. D. WATKINS

I like NATIONAL REVIEW and wish it the success it deserves.

Brooklyn, N. Y. M. T. MCCALL

Please ask your writers to use plain simple language, and not to hide their meaning under sarcastic double-talk.

Babylon, N. Y. MABEL E. KARM

The first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW received. I have read it carefully and the only thing I can say is keep at it.

White Plains, N. Y. D. LAWRENCE HUNT

Your weekly journal fills a great need and deserves great success.

Jersey City, N. J. JAMES HALL MCWILLIAMS

NATIONAL REVIEW will meet a crying need. In the light of its announced purposes, it should help many tens of thousands to acquire a more solid and intelligent perspective. It will, I believe, make an enormous contribution to the further education of intelligent people. Please permit me to wish the promoters every success in this extremely worthwhile project.

Ossining, N. Y. MAX YERGAN

Heartiest congratulations on your first issue. I read it from cover to cover last night with great interest. I especially value the high-grade humor and satire, commodities which are all too rare these days. If you can keep up to the standard you start with, you're in.

Washington, D. C. ELLIS O. JONES

A wonderful beginning. And I am sure even greater things will come. I wish you the greatest success.

Los Angeles, Cal. WILLIAM JOHNSON

This morning I received the first edition of NATIONAL REVIEW which I read from cover to cover. I hasten to offer my congratulations to all that made it possible. At last the faceless, voiceless, unorganized, but patriotic genuine Americans, as well as their millions of abandoned, forsaken, disillusioned but still faithful friends overseas, have a medium for being heard. More power to you!

New York City SHAVARSH H. BENSON

I cannot find adjectives to express just how good I think it is. My hopes were high for NATIONAL REVIEW and this number exceeded my highest hopes . . . So—warm congratulations! I feel that your dream came alive in this issue. You know where you're going and you're on your way—with many boosters rooting for you.

Forest Hills, N. Y. M. N. BONBRAKE

I think you are going places. I have only one comment of criticism. Your writers are really too brilliant for the lay mind, if you know what I mean. There is an attempt, it seems, to couch a simple fact in cute and involved language. At least that's the impression I got. But aside from that, [I like] the purpose of your magazine and your willingness to slug—calling names, dates and places—and fight hard on current issues.

Memphis, Tenn. R. B. SNOWDEN

e Editor

lred of letters from read-

nts the first three issues

The journal is excellently organized and fulfills a real need in political understanding in our country . . . Of the many notable features, one item merits consideration and augurs well for the future—that it is a member of a younger generation who "sees the light," and who finds that he can throw off intellectual liberalism, and be a conservative! Personally, I have found it very disheartening to attend countless political meetings—and be the only young person among many gray-heads. The fight for freedom should be undertaken by college students—since it is *their* future which is at stake.

Los Angeles, Cal. VALENE L. SMITH

The first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW swept through my brain like a clean wind. I am so grateful that I subscribed . . . You have a great work to do. May God strengthen you for it.

Cambridge, Mass. RT. REV. HUGH F. BLUNT

The publication of NATIONAL REVIEW is one of the heartening events of our time. I have read the first two issues and was never more delighted with a journal of opinion. Its high intellectual standard will win for it acceptance among some molders of American thinking whose adherence is necessary to the success of our cause. At the same time, it is eminently readable and interesting to the average citizen. Congratulations and best wishes for success!

New York City RABBI BENJAMIN SCHULTZ

After reading your first issue, I am quite certain that you are making a priceless contribution to our limited source of present-day unslanted news and responsible thought. God bless you, your associates and your grateful public; may your like increase and your years be many in the service of Truth!

New York City BROTHER B. ANTHONY, F.S.C.

Good luck with your new magazine.

Northport, N. Y. MRS. ABBY MURRAY

I enjoyed very much the first issue of your magazine and I do hope you will maintain the high standard you set. I particularly enjoyed your publisher's statement . . . You have achieved a nice balance of exposition and the satirical, so that readers will expose themselves to information in the process of being entertained.

Portland, Oregon DR. GORDON B. LEITCH

To have a vigorous and courageous voice for the radical conservatives in this country is an achievement that gives me a great deal of satisfaction. I hope you can keep the same punch in each issue that you have in the first, and I am sure that you will. There are still enough conservative people in this country to be decisive in its future if they can have intelligent leadership. Certainly you have provided a journalistic medium that should admirably serve that purpose.

Omaha, Neb. HOWARD BUFFETT

I want to congratulate you and your associates on this fine publication. I really thought this issue was splendid. I am writing Senator Knowland, congratulating him on his fine article.

Baltimore, Md. R. E. DUNN

I like most of the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW very much but I do want to suggest that you do *not* make it too erudite for the average reader . . . I wish you the very best success in your undertaking.

Palo Alto, Cal. MRS. S. P. WALLICH

The REVIEW so far is fine and I hope is going to be a permanent and potent pillar of the sane conservative view.

Baltimore, Md. DR. HARVEY B. STONE

I have read the first issue, and congratulate the editors on a magnificent achievement. The Political Right has long needed an authoritative and intelligent publication, and this you have provided. Best wishes for success in the future.

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN
Director, Department of Political Science, Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Let me congratulate you and your associates on a much needed and inspiring weekly.

Camden, S. C. F. REEVES RUTLEDGE

I am delighted with the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and believe that there are many thousands of other Americans who will be grateful for what you are doing—if you can just bring it to their attention . . .

San Antonio, Tex. TANNER H. FREEMAN

Out here in this far northwest corner of the nation there are hopeful signs of a conservative resurgence, and I hasten to send you my check to insure that I receive every issue of your journal in the critical months to come. . . .

Spokane, Wash. ASHLEY E. HOLDEN

I believe the case of Dr. Dooley [December 7] is valuable as you have used it and ought to be made into a book in which Dr. Dooley and his supporters, and his "cures," would be allowed to express themselves at length. I worked in zoology with Dr. H. V. Wilson for several years. He would not have agreed with these people who speak in the name of science. He taught that there are facts which can be observed and demonstrated, and that these observable facts must never be confused with those which have not been demonstrated. It has not even been demonstrated that [Dr. Dooley's] unorthodox methods have resulted in cures. Dr. Dooley and his supporters are about as scientific as a fortune teller . . .

Easton, Conn. SELENA FULLER

. . . as I read the section having to do with Dr. Dooley's defenders, the purpose of the article in a conservative-libertarian journal became evident. NATIONAL REVIEW is as much interested in conserving moral values as it is in preserving economic truth. The message of the article is, therefore: how can moral values be conserved if there is no such thing as a body of moral truth which is timeless—and not subject to fad and fancy? . . .

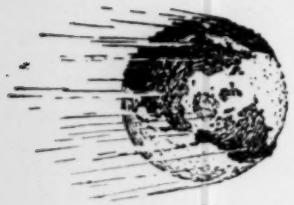
Scarsdale, N. Y. THOMAS SHELLY

For me, the article, "They'll Never Get Me on That Couch," is worth the weight in platinum of its author. . . . I would like to order a dozen or more copies of your first number to send some friends.

New York City MRS. THOMAS H. ENGLISH

Just a word of congratulations on the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, though Knowland and Nixon do rather remind me of Iago and Richard III.

[SIR] LAURENCE OLIVIER
Stratford-on-Avon, England



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Brazilian Popular Front

Without sources of special information, it is not easy to make sense of what is happening in Brazil, but it seems advisable to try.

For the October 3 general election, an alliance was made between the Brazilian Social Democratic Party and the Labor Party to support a combined ticket. This was headed by the Social Democrat, Juscelino Kubitschek, as candidate for President, and the youthful João Goulart of the Labor Party as candidate for Vice President. Both men were associated with the late Getulio Vargas, Senhor Goulart as his Minister of Labor.

The Communist Party of Brazil is officially, though not too severely, outlawed. It has heavily infiltrated the Labor Party. From both above and under ground, the Communists, with international support, went all out for the Kubitschek-Goulart combination ticket. Thus the coalition was, in the classic sense, a united or popular front.

Coup and Counter-Coup

In a close three-cornered vote, the popular front ticket won a small plurality, though not an absolute majority. There is some ambiguity in the Brazilian constitution as to whether a plurality short of a majority is sufficient for election.

The candidates-elect are scheduled to take office January 31. There was apprehension in some quarters—understandably—about what a Kubitschek-Goulart regime, with its Communist wing and its inheritance of Vargas corruption, might do to Brazil. Though no plain evidence was brought forward, there were rumors of mysterious moves being prepared to block the installation of the popular front candidates.

At this juncture, Senhor João Café Filho, who had become President after Vargas' suicide in 1954, withdrew to a hospital because of what was announced as a heart attack. Carlos Luz, President of the Chamber of Deputies and next in constitutional line, became acting President of the nation. Three days later elements of the Army, led by the War Minister, Lieut. Gen. Henrique Teixeira Lott, alleging that Luz in agreement with Café Filho was plotting to prevent Kubitschek and Goulart from taking office in January, staged a "preventive coup." Luz was ousted, and Nereu Ramos, President of the Senate, was put in his place.

Then Senhor Café Filho emerged suddenly from his hospital to claim his job back. The Ramos-military junta refused, and proclaimed martial law in order to keep him out.

The Communists Perk Up

Throughout this period the nominally illegal Communists have become progressively bolder. Their press, never shut down, has rapidly expanded its public circulation. They have given unstinting applause to every move designed to assure the installation of Kubitschek and Goulart.

Several times in the past the Brazilian Army, unlike the armies of several other South American nations, has acted to preserve orderly and reasonably constitutional governmental processes—though sometimes in the past, as at present, plunged in the paradox of violating the constitution in order to preserve it. The current situation is generally being interpreted as in accord with these precedents. If so, however, the Brazilian Army may in this case be sacrificing the substance to the forms of democracy, and even the forms are none too clear-cut.

Although Kubitschek is almost surely not a Communist and Goulart may not be, the Communists nevertheless have a decisive role in the Kubitschek-Goulart as in nearly every other popular front. There would have been no electoral plurality without the half million or more Communist votes. The assumption of power by a Communist-weighted coalition of this kind would be a major internal threat to Brazil, and a grave danger to the American strategic-political structure.

It seems, therefore, that the Brazilian military is either: a) politically naive with respect to the popular front problem now confronting Brazil as it has confronted so many other nations in our time; or b) itself partly infiltrated, and acting in collusion with Senhores Kubitschek and Goulart; or c) playing a very subtle game whereby it aims to split Kubitschek from Goulart, and to get rid of Goulart and the Communists after its own fashion. More probably, perhaps, all three of these hypotheses hold, each for some portion of the military and allied civilian leaders. If so, it is likely that a more conclusive showdown between the conflicting forces must take place.

Through Pentagon Eyes

The northern half of Brazil, together with Central America, the Caribbean basin and the rest of northern South America, form what some military geographers call the "strategic threshold" of the United States. For a hostile power to gain a base in this region is comparable to an armed intruder's crossing the doorway of a private household. That is why the United States government has always been most sensitive to the first signs of a stranger's entry therein. A hundred and thirty-five years ago the Monroe Doctrine was a preventive reaction to the chance of such entry. On many subsequent occasions, Washington's response to signals from that area has been prompt and firm enough to belie some of our ideological pieties about self-determination.

Proceeding from an identical geographical analysis, Moscow has tried for twenty-eight years to press or squeeze or crawl within the Caribbean threshold. In Venezuela, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, British Guiana, the Bahamas, Guatemala, she has sought but so far failed to hold a firm grip.

A direct U. S. intervention into today's complex Brazilian crisis is neither expedient nor, indeed, possible. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that our representatives allow it to be understood how disturbing it would be if a popular front government, involving and dependent on Communist participation, were to take unchecked control of South America's largest nation.

An American Crime

The man who was largely instrumental in bringing about the congressional exposure of the Soviet Katyn Forest massacre, discusses another crime—this time American

JULIUS EPSTEIN

Modern military history hardly knows a more atrocious crime than the forced repatriation of millions of anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians to their Soviet executioners. It also hardly knows any other crime which so completely slipped the minds of the people who committed it.

The crime was committed by the three Western allies, the U. S., Great Britain and France, in the years 1945, '46 and '47. Based upon a painstaking research into the history of forced repatriation after World War Two, the following facts are beyond any doubt. No conspiracy of silence will ever eradicate them from the record of history.

1. At least two and possibly as many as five million anti-Communist prisoners of war and "liberated" civilians were returned, against their wishes, to the Soviets to be hanged, shot or imprisoned in Siberian slave labor camps.

2. We not only forcibly repatriated prisoners of war and civilians but also former Soviet nationals who had fought within the ranks of our *own* military forces in Italy and elsewhere, against the Nazis. Some of these Soviet defectors who had enlisted with our Army were even decorated and given citations for outstanding bravery "beyond the call of duty."

3. The crime of forced repatriation was not only committed in Europe but also on American soil. In some cases—for instance at Fort Dix, N. J.—we had to dope Soviet prisoners of war captured in German uniforms in order to deliver them to their executioners, waiting on Soviet boats in American ports.

4. American military authorities who carried out this crime were well aware of the fate that awaited the forcibly repatriated prisoners and civilians.

5. Pentagon high brass as well as State Department officials were well aware that the forced repatriation of Soviet nationals, captured in German uniforms (as for instance those held in American camps, and hundreds of thousands in Germany, Great Britain, Austria, Italy and France), was unlawful. Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew warned our delegation at Yalta against the conclusion of any agreement with the Soviets which might result in forced repatriation. The Yalta Papers contain his telegrams to our Secretary of State Stettinius, then at Yalta. In these telegrams, Grew entreated Stettinius not to violate the Geneva Convention. He also referred to the official diplomatic note of February 1, 1945, in which the State Department, over Grew's signature, had already explained to Mr. Nikolai V. Novikov, Soviet representative in Washington, why we could never forcibly repatriate Soviet nationals taken prisoner in German uniforms. The reason was simple: they were captured in German uniforms and had therefore to be treated as German prisoners of war. Grew quoted the Geneva Convention which does not permit the retaining state "to look behind the uniform." This was an excellent doctrine, long shared by all civilized nations. But this important diplomatic note was not included in the Yalta Papers as released by the State Department on March 16, 1955. (After the discovery of the existence of that note, and of its absence from the Yalta Papers, I asked Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to make the note available to me. Mr. Dulles was kind enough to do so.)

6. The Grew note as well as his most competent warnings to Mr. Stettinius were in vain. Our Yalta delegation, including Mr. Alger Hiss, overruled Grew, the State Department's opinion, the Geneva Convention, and the time-honored American tradition of asylum for political exiles. Our delegation then entered into an agreement on the exchange of prisoners of war and liberated civilians. This agreement was signed on behalf of the United States by General John R. Deane on February 11, 1945.

7. While forced repatriation was undoubtedly the direct result of the Yalta deal, the army's own official historian, Colonel Harold E. Potter, has stated that even the Yalta agreement could not justify forced repatriation: it did not contain any reference to the use of force. According to Colonel Potter's well-documented report, it was the arbitrary interpretation of the Yalta agreement by our Joint Chiefs of Staff which caused the use of force and the tragedies of 1945-1947.

8. The still top secret army document "383.7-14.1 Forcible Repatriation of Displaced Soviet Citizens—Operation Keelhaul" contains the most complete description of the crime. The mere fact that the Army chose the code name "Operation Keelhaul" proves that the Pentagon was aware of the atrocious and criminal character of forced repatriation. According to Webster, "Keelhaul" means, "To haul under the keel of a ship, either athwartships or from bow to stern, by ropes attached to the yardarms on each side. It was formerly a punishment in the Dutch and British navies and a method of torture used by pirates."

9. That President Truman was likewise well aware of the character of forced repatriation was revealed to the whole world by Truman's Secretary of State, Dean G. Acheson. On October 24, 1952, Mr. Acheson enumerated in an excellent speech before Committee One of the United Nations General Assembly (32 pages, legal size, single-spaced) why forced repatriation of prisoners of war has always been considered a crime against humanity and incompatible with the Geneva Convention. Speaking of the anti-Communist North Korean and Chinese prisoners of war in UN custody, Mr. Acheson thus upheld the principle of non-forcible repatriation:

> It was quite unthinkable to the United Nations Command that it should use force to drive into the hands of the Communists, people who would be resisting that effort by force. That was the attitude taken by the United Nations Command. It was the attitude taken by all other Governments whose troops were in Korea and who would be required to carry out this forcible return if it were instituted. So far as I know, there has been no Member of the United Nations outside the Communist group that has ever suggested that it was right, proper, legal or necessary to return these prisoners by force.

And to show that the principle of non-forcible repatriation not only applied to the Korean situation, but was an old principle of international law, Mr. Acheson went back in history. He quoted fifteen international treaties entered into by the Soviet Government since 1918, all of which contained a clause preventing forced repatriation of prisoners of war. To give just one example, the treaty with Turkey, signed by the Soviet Government at Moscow on March 28, 1921, contained the following Article 2: "The mutual repatriation of prisoners shall be effected with their consent. Forced repatriation shall in no way be admissible."

But Mr. Acheson not only dealt with Korea and the peace treaties signed and ratified by the Soviets since 1918, but also with Soviet behavior concerning forced repatriation in World War Two:

> Those are treaties signed by the Soviet Union Government. As Mr. Casey, the Foreign Minister of Australia, told us the other day, in World War II the Soviet Union, in an ultimatum to the commander of the German troops at Stalingrad on January 8, 1943, guaranteed to all who surrendered that, after the end of the war, they would be allowed to return to Germany, or to any country where war prisoners might desire to go. Later, in the Budapest area, a similar offer was made to German troops. And this is very interesting: a Soviet Union publication refers to these episodes as expressing the highest act of humanitarianism. And I agree with that. That, indeed, is the international practice, the international law, in relation to this subject.

Last Week's Puzzle

The arrangement of the diners, taken clockwise, is as follows: Brown, Jones, Mrs. Smith, White, Mrs. Robinson, Smith, Mrs. Brown, Robinson, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. White.

Acheson's speech of October 24, 1952, was in truth the strongest possible indictment of Acheson's own government. If Acheson was right in saying that forced repatriation of North Korean and Chinese prisoners of war was wrong, improper, illegal and unnecessary, and if he proved his point, then it was certainly wrong, improper, illegal and unnecessary to repatriate by force between two and five million anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians after World War Two.

Investigation Needed

These are the facts. Their documentation—especially the documentation of the barbarous acts committed by our own troops at Plattling, Lempten, Linz, and many other places where our MP's cracked skulls, and thousands of Soviet nationals committed suicide rather than be forced to go back to the Soviet executioners—would require a big volume; and I hope that some day this volume will be published, though it would take a grant from Dr. Hutchins' Fund for the Republic to get the job done. But the job cannot be done before a congressional inquiry *à la* Katyn Investigation has brought into the open a few top secret facts:

1. Who was it at Yalta who made the innocuous Stettinius overrule Grew's warnings and the established policy of the Department of State?

2. Who was the driving force among the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, responsible for the arbitrary interpretation of the Yalta agreement in favor of *forced* repatriation? Who had sold to the Joint Chiefs of Staff the idea that force *should* be used. Were members of G-2 involved?

3. Was there any secret Yalta agreement, written or oral, that stipulated the use of force?

4. What was the attitude of the Judge Advocate General of the Army whose office has repeatedly expressed the opinion during the last forty years that forced repatriation of prisoners of war who had enlisted in the enemy's army contradicted international law? Did he ever protest against the Joint Chiefs of Staff's interpretation of the Yalta agreement? Did he ever try to cancel the instructions sent by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to the European theater headquarters?

5. Why did the Army also forcibly repatriate Soviet nationals who had

fought as enlisted officers and men with our own forces in Italy? (Since they were by no stretch of the imagination prisoners of war, the Yalta agreement clearly did not cover them, no matter how it was interpreted.)

6. Why is the Pentagon still maintaining the high secrecy classification of all official documents dealing with the forced repatriation of anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians ten years ago? How can such a classification be justified in view of the President's Executive Order according to which the only valid reason for withholding information from the press and the American people is the endangering of our national security? How could the release of the truth about forced repatriation, ten years ago, endanger our national security?

Since only a congressional investigation will get the answers to these—and some other—questions, I suggested in early 1955 that a resolution be introduced on the floor of the House of Representatives. This was done. On February 8, 1955, H. Res. 137 was dropped into the hopper of the House by Congressman Albert H. Bosch (Republican, N.Y.). It called for the creation of a select seven-member committee to investigate "the facts, evidence and extenuating circumstances of the forced repatriation program carried out by our military and civilian authorities in Germany and other countries in the years 1945-1947, under which millions of anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians were forcibly repatriated to Soviet controlled countries, and to fix the responsibility for such program."

The preamble of the Bosch Resolution reads as follows:

> Whereas the forced repatriation to Soviet controlled countries of millions of anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians by American military and civilian authorities in the years 1945-1947 in Germany and in other countries brought death and misery to untold thousands of these anti-Communists before Soviet firing squads, on Soviet gallows, and in the Siberian slave labor camps; and
>
> Whereas this forced repatriation was in violation of the rulings in implementation of the Yalta agreement on prisoners of war, made public by the Department of State on March 8, 1946; and
>
> Whereas the forced repatriation of prisoners of war who had enlisted in the enemy's army was in contradiction to the opinions of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, as expressed during the last forty years; and
>
> Whereas the forced repatriation of millions of anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians represents an indelible blot on the American tradition of ready asylum for political exiles; and
>
> Whereas the forced repatriation and annihilation of millions of anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians of Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Hungarian, Baltic, and other origin, is still poisoning our spiritual relations with the vigorously anti-Communist peoples behind the Iron Curtain, and is therefore impeding our foreign policy: Therefore be it
>
> Resolved, That . . .

From the point of view of political ethics, the Bosch resolution is one of the most significant resolutions ever introduced in the American Congress. It is probably the first time in American history that Congress has been asked to investigate a crime of such magnitude, a crime committed by an American Administration.

No News Report

But no American wire service carried the story. No American newspaper printed a single line about it. Were it not for a few letters to the editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, a few articles in Patrick F. Scanlan's *Tablet*, and some remarks in O'Donnell's, Pegler's and E. F. Tompkins' columns, no American would have ever seen a word in print about Congressman Bosch's initiative.

The resolution itself was immediately sent to the House Committee on Rules (Chairman: Howard W. Smith, Democrat from Virginia). Some weeks after its introduction, Congressman Bosch defended House Resolution 137 before the Committee on Rules. The Committee did not act, nor did it kill the resolution. It is still pending.

Only vigorous action of those organizations and individuals who are earnestly interested in the Bosch resolution will induce the Rules Committee to send House Resolution 137 to the floor to be debated, voted upon and adopted. And so, fully aware of an author's commitment not to plead special interests, I ask for an exceptional privilege. I ask to be allowed to address the readers of this article with a request: please, use your influence upon your Congressman to assure the success of Albert H. Bosch's House Resolution 137!

Aphrodite

To the first person submitting a correct answer to this puzzle, in a letter postmarked from anywhere in Kentucky, NATIONAL REVIEW *will send a long-playing, twelve-inch recording of flamenco guitar music, played by Lopez Tejera, called "Las Penas y Alegrías de Andalusia." The solution will appear next week.*

A statue of Aphrodite stands in the entrance hall of Mugby School. To celebrate a victory over Gigglesborough, she is adorned overnight with a thick coat of green paint. It is known that a member of the Classical VI is responsible for this outrage. Dr. Tickletoes assembles the nine members of that form and asks each of them who painted the statue. The replies he receives are as follows:

ROLAND ACKERS: Percy Campbell, Sir.
ALEC HEATH: No, Sir, it was not Percy Campbell.
TED LLOYD: I did it, Sir.
FRED PRITCHARD: It was either Lloyd or Cook, Sir.
PERCY CAMPBELL: Heath is not telling the truth, Sir.
TOM JONES: It was Ted Lloyd, Sir.
JOHN SUMMERS: It was not Ted Lloyd, Sir.
WALTER COOK: It was neither Ted Lloyd nor I, Sir.
CHARLIE BATES: Walter Cook is right, Sir; and it wasn't Percy Campbell either.

Given that, of these nine statements, three and three only are true, what is the name of the boy who painted the statue?

THE LIBERAL LINE

(*Continued from p. 8*)

normal techniques for killing off non- and anti-Liberals on someone who, by and large, is expounding the Liberal line; and especially you can't if he is known to enjoy the favor of someone (Eisenhower) who enjoys *your* favor. And, as if that weren't bad enough, Nixon *might* become President even before the election. And if he did so at a moment when your biggest character-assassination guns were trained on him, mightn't he react by doing to Mr. Eisenhower's Liberal advisers what Plato wanted his city to do to the poets—that is, take 'em to the gates of the city and send 'em on their way?

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The University Imperialists

For the past two decades, the old-fangled university president has been giving place to a new species of academic energumen. The old-fangled president was a scholar. The new-fangled president, at a good many universities, is a high-powered administrator, "a good businessman." The public-relations people call this latter sort of university president "a good businessman," anyhow, although they do not explain why he prefers the Academy to the Market Place. Several remarkable specimens of this new class were present at the sixty-ninth annual meeting of the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities, which met at Michigan State University (until recently called Michigan State College) in East Lansing, in November.

The president of Michigan State is himself a notably successful "businessman" president, having risen in the course of a few years from the lowly condition of a bachelor of arts in poultry management to become, successively, an assistant secretary of defense and coordinator of our Arctic defenses. Probably "politician president" is a more accurate description of all these gentlemen than "businessman president." The secret of their success is not in acute financial management, but rather in grandiose educational empire-building, attracting students by publicity campaigns and winning fat appropriations from legislatures by divers wiles. In their opinion, bigness seems to be all, or nearly all.

Dr. John Hannah of Michigan State, successful though he is, is not the best-known of the breed. Dr. Harold Stassen is a graduate from the same body of university administrators, sliding easily from public office into the academy and back into public office; Dr. Milton Eisenhower is another. Dr. Eisenhower, we are told, has been trying to convince himself that the public demands he accept the Presidency of the United States. Dr. Hannah has been indulging in a flirtation with certain Republicans who think that his talents could make him Governor of Michigan, despite the square-dancing talents of the incumbent, Governor Mennen Williams.

Now an interesting glimpse into the the mentality of this new caste of academic administrators is afforded by the remarks of Dr. Milton Eisenhower (President of Pennsylvania State in such time as he can spare from advising his brother, who is reported to have murmured devoutly, "Thank God for Milton!") at the Land Grant Colleges meeting. For Dr. Eisenhower, universities fulfill consumers' demands, and produce. He certainly is a businessman president in his terminology; or, perhaps, a factory-manager president. A university, to him, is an efficient plant which turns out as many degree-holders as possible: literally a degree-mill. (Unlike an earlier Milton, he does not fret about how "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.") As certain educationists have declared that "intelligence is what our intelligence-tests test," just so, to Dr. Milton Eisenhower, a university education is simply whatever young people with a degree have happened to get. They've gone through the new-model mill, so they must be educated people.

The only thing wrong with the higher learning in America—to judge by a report of Dr. Eisenhower's remarks in the *Detroit News*, November 17—is that it simply isn't mechanized and standardized and impersonalized enough. "The instructor's productivity must be increased." (Incidentally, the average college instructor had eight students at the beginning of this century; today the average instructor has to cope with more than forty students; but that's not enough to satisfy Dr. Eisenhower.) The President of Pennsylvania State referred to the swelling state universities, approvingly, as "academic supermarkets." This supermarket ought to be built in skyscraper style, so as to make learning as businesslike as possible. He has thought of a way to get away from Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other end: "canned" lectures by closed-circuit television, "stocked by the academic supermarket," so that a Big Brother professor can sit in remote majesty and behold his disciples only through relayed images—and vice versa. This notion pleases Dr. Eisenhower inordinately: it's progressive. The television camera is ever so much better than a mere inefficient, absent-minded old scholar pottering about the classroom: "Honor systems and examination proctors will be made unnecessary," the Detroit *News* summarizes Dr. Eisenhower's predictions, "with half a dozen cameras scanning as many rooms and transmitting what they see to the professor and his monitors."

Well, it's all very like Bentham's Panopticon. The Panopticon was designed for hardened criminals, of course, and Dr. Eisenhower's university is designed for the intellectual leaders of the nation. But that's a small difference. One doesn't have to worry about Honor in either institution: the TV stoolie takes care of that vexatious little notion.

There are times when words fail even a man who, like the present writer, takes *nil admirari* for his motto. So I content myself here by quoting from a book written half a century ago, Irving Babbitt's *Literature and the American College*. I don't believe that Professor Babbitt would have much liked the politican-businessman-turnkey president:

"The firmness of the American's faith in the blessings of education is equaled only by the vagueness of his ideas as to the kind of education to which these blessings are annexed. One can hardly consider the tremendous stir we have been making for the past thirty years or more about education, the time and energy and enthusiasm we are ready to lavish on educational undertakings, the libraries and endowments, without being reminded of the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds: 'A provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite inquiry and research, may be employed to evade and shuffle off real labor—the real labor of thinking.' "

My Visit to the United Nations

A visitor finds the UN a place of Chicago-ese architecture, edifying exhibits, tourists reverent as a funeral gathering, and cute girl guides

FINIS FARR

Not long ago I took a guided tour through the United Nations plant on the East River in Manhattan. A favorable general impression began to form as I approached the buildings over East 42nd Street on a clear, sunny morning in late November. The central UN skyscraper is not easy to define, but it is safe to say that it is very large. It seems to have little in common with any of the work of McKim, Mead and White, and nothing at all, I am sure, with Ralph Adams Cram. It looks as if it was in Chicago.

I started to walk in where a big shot's Caddie had snuggled its great tail near a private entrance and was directed by a guard to the visitors' gate at 45th Street and First Avenue. On the way I passed a long, sway-backed building with what appeared to be a full scale model of the *U.S.S. Monitor* on its roof. (I learned later that this was the Hall of the General Assembly.) The guided tours take off from the public concourse at the north end of this building, and I was fortunate enough to have a few minutes to look around before my tour started. There were many big windows with superb views of the river, steel gray in the kind of wintry sunlight that Edward Hopper paints so well. The Queensborough Bridge was handsome, but I knew I could look at that any day, and turned to examine some of the exhibits on view in the concourse.

The first thing I noticed was a collection of paintings by pupils in the school for UN employees' children. These had the charm of all children's pictures, and I was pleased. Particularly effective was a spirited scene by a seven-and-one-half-year-old Canadian, entitled "This is a Japanese Lady dancing with her little Girl." However, their like might be seen in any school so I looked around for something more typical of my conception of the UN. Almost at once my eye fell on a case containing a photograph of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and a number of colleagues. Along with the photograph were displayed several pamphlets and documents, including an authenticated copy of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This is more like it, I thought.

Next I had a look at a leather-bound document headed "UN Conference on Declaration of Death of Missing Persons. Final Act, 1950." I thought this sounded fine. I supposed it might mean that if an American soldier died in a foreign jail under the Status of Forces Treaty, for example, or was executed by one of our allies, they would have to tell us about it right away so we could notify his folks. Maybe it even meant that if the Red Chinese should be admitted to the UN, they would be obliged to report promptly whenever they killed one of our people, instead of holding back the news. I considered this to be a powerful argument for the immediate admission of Red China to the UN. Nearby was an equally interesting document, the instrument of the ratification by the USSR of the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of Genocide. I took another look at that one, but that's what it said, and it was signed by K. Voroshilov and V. Molotov. I considered this the equal of a convention for the punishment of the kettle, solemnly signed by the pot.

I moved on to another case and saw a photograph of the late Count Folke Bernadotte. There is also a memorial plaque in honor of Count Bernadotte on a wall near the entrance. I knew that, if not the first UN martyr, the Count was undoubtedly the most prominent, having been assassinated by an extremist in Jerusalem while working as UN mediator. A neighboring exhibit showed a news photo of his successor, Dr. Ralph Bunche, seated at a desk, signing a state paper while a secretary hovered anxiously. The signed document lay near the photograph, and it proves that Dr. Bunche surely has a qualification for high office—that of being able to write first-rate governmentese. Translated, the meat of it was that some people were to be allowed to go from Al Faluja to Hebron without being hurt or robbed. It occurred to me that this must be the same Hebron by whose pool David mutilated and hanged the murderers of Ish-bosheth, the righteous person. (II Sam., 4:12).

Hushed Procession

Much more was spread out in the cases, but now they called the number of my tour and we gathered, some twenty strong, to leave the visitors' lobby and proceed through the buildings with our guide. As we handed over our tickets, we huddled together, speaking in whispers like the crowd at a fairly important funeral. We were about evenly divided between men and women, married couples predominating, and everyone giving off an aura of earnest respectability and sweet reasonableness. The most striking-looking person among us was a venerable tall Negro who had with him a slim young woman and a boy about ten or eleven. We were introduced to our guide, Miss Judy Maehling, a young and pretty Julie-Harris type, competent, well-intentioned and well-trained. We moved out at 12:14 P.M.

The first sight pointed out to us was the Japanese Peace Bell. Near it was a souvenir of the Holy Land, a slab of stone given by the Israelis, and installed, I was glad to see, at a tactful distance from the Bernadotte memorial. We marched off now to the lobby of the Secretariat, and here our guide, after pointing out the two kinds of marble in the floor, made the first of a series of speeches. Not to be confused with UN delegates, she told us, there were working in this building some 3,500 permanent UN employees, who

were international civil servants owing allegiance to the UN alone. Miss Maehling said that these staff members took an oath of allegiance to the UN upon accepting their appointments. I was much interested in this, because I had been told that loyalty oaths were very bad things. I guess it makes a difference what the loyalty is *to*. At any rate, I gathered that the UN staffers are definitely among the saved. Our guides told us that the Secretary General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, had an office up on the 38th floor, and an apartment too. I thought Mr. Hammarskjold must be a mighty smart man, and envied him his apartment up there, with no income tax to worry about.

At this point we received perhaps our first authentic live UN thrill when we noticed sitting on a nearby bench a lager-beer-colored gentleman with a beard and a pale blue turban, talking to another gentleman who also was evidently one of our Indian friends. As we moved off, both the rag-head and his colleague seemed to get modest enjoyment from our frank stares. After inspecting a small temporary exhibit in honor of a Chilean diplomat who currently holds one of the high revolving UN offices, we proceeded to the Conference Building to inspect three large meeting rooms, all of which proved to be decorated in what might be called Scandinavian Hotel-Lobby. The first was that occupied by the UN Security Council, and as a newspaper reader I knew it had not recently been in use. We were led into a balcony reserved for UN buffs who like to sit in when these committees are in session. The chairs in this public balcony are very comfortable and the seats swing forward like those in the executive projection rooms at M-G-M.

Perhaps the most interesting object there was a large mural, depicting the past, the present and the future. The past was at the bottom of the picture and things looked pretty bad down there. The present was a great improvement, with a happy family and a long-necked bird which I first took to be something on the order of Bob Cratchitt's Christmas goose, but which was in fact a phoenix rising from the ashes. The future looked fine, too, but the artist had deliberately cut off this part. Nobody had any questions and we moved on to the room used by the Trusteeship Council.

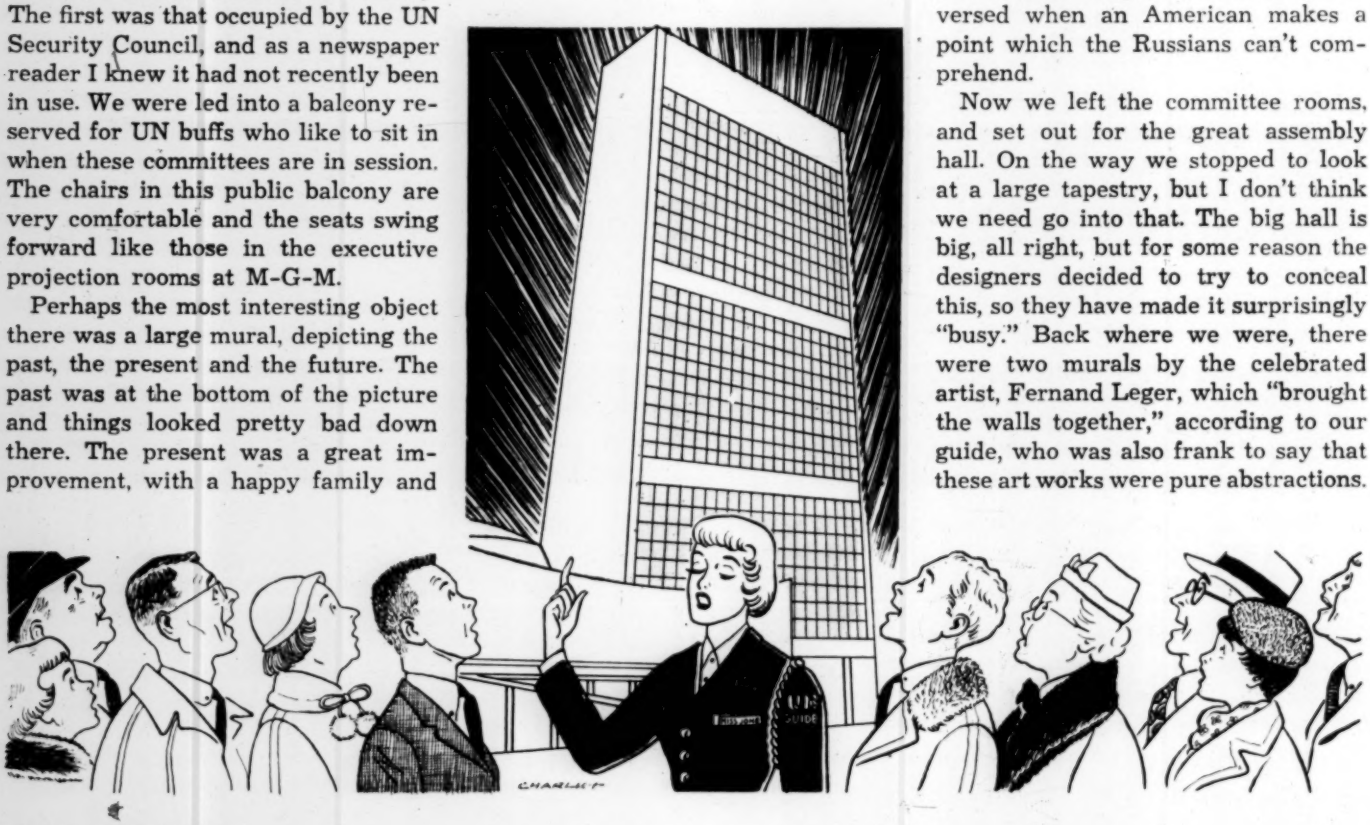
In a corner of this room, a frightening piece of statuary was attached to the wall. It appeared to represent a lady with a huge mad bird which had seized her by the head. I thought, what could this be—the Spirit of the Katyn Massacre? Russia attacking Finland? The Stalin-Hitler pact? The joke was on me when our guide explained that this was Youth and the Bluebird of Happiness. Our guide also told us about the wonderful accomplishments of the Trusteeship Council, and an amusing story about sending live fish out to Korea, where they needed fish, but on the way the fish multiplied so rapidly that, when they got there, they had more fish than they wanted to have. This drew the day's first chuckle, but the spirit of our party was plainly against humor. We were attentive and respectful almost to the point of reverence and we wanted no jokes.

The third conference room was that of the United Nations Economic and Social Council. We actually saw three people who had been in a UNESCO meeting and had not yet left the room, standing near the barrier which separates the floor from the press section, conversing authoritatively in some outlandish tongue. It was a thrill for us to see these strange, confident beings. A noisy, determined-looking woman, accompanied by a younger woman and a uniformed UN guide, came into our section. Clearly, this was a big wheel, perhaps from a local UN Association, who was being given a Grade-A tour. The lady did the talking, and the guide listened. They looked around for a while, and then went out.

Jokes Made International

Meanwhile our own guide had been giving UNESCO an enthusiastic notice, and I was glad to get straightened out on this, as I had heard what I fear may have been irresponsible criticism of this splendid group. I believe it was in this room also that our guide brought out the exceptional skill of the UN translators. Suppose, the young lady told us, that a Russian made a joke for which there is no equivalent in English. This doesn't stump the UN translator, who in such a case simply tells a story which makes the same point, and everyone is happy. I assumed that the process would be reversed when an American makes a point which the Russians can't comprehend.

Now we left the committee rooms, and set out for the great assembly hall. On the way we stopped to look at a large tapestry, but I don't think we need go into that. The big hall is big, all right, but for some reason the designers decided to try to conceal this, so they have made it surprisingly "busy." Back where we were, there were two murals by the celebrated artist, Fernand Leger, which "brought the walls together," according to our guide, who was also frank to say that these art works were pure abstractions.



They looked fine, but I would just as soon have had Stuart Davis, who did some cheerful things around Radio City, or maybe even "This is a Japanese Lady dancing with her little Girl."

Anyhow, it was here that our guide got onto the question of UN finances. The lady said that expenses were taken care of in proportion to ability to pay. (Somehow this had a familiar sound.) The annual budget was about $39,000,000—I am sure she meant just for the New York operation—and of this sum, Uncle Sam paid one third. Next-highest contributor, amount not stated, was the USSR, according to our informant. Our guide added that $39,000,000 was just about what New York City paid in one year to sweep the streets. This, I thought, proved that the young lady was not only competent, well-intentioned, and well-trained, but also cute.

As we were getting into an elevator, our guide made some friendly remark about school to the little boy, who pulled away in embarrassment as children will. The old Negro said to him in a wonderful kind deep voice like that of Uncle Remus, "Talk to the lady," which the boy didn't attempt to do, so the old gentleman went on, "We're from North Carolina . . . We've brought him up here over the Thanksgiving holidays to learn what he can." "I can see he's in good hands," our guide said, and then the elevator stopped in the lower public lobby, and I realized our tour was about to come to an end. The souvenir stands and the post office where you can buy UN stamps were pointed out. A lady explained to her husband that this was international territory, and so had its own stamps, and he seemed very happy to hear it, as though she had said, "Our new car has twelve cylinders," or "This is the latest model."

I wasn't so much interested in stamps as in printed matter, and so, after we had said goodby to our guide, I took a look into the UN book store. I am interested in accounts of escaped political prisoners such as Margarete Buber-Neumann, and modern political documentation like that in *Verdict of Three Decades,* and *The God That Failed.* They seemed to be out of that sort of material, but there was plenty about human rights, and there was a pamphlet that recorded the Soviets' official denial that they kept anyone in slavery, which of course relieved my mind. I also saw quite a display of a thick, definitive-looking pamphlet called "Our Rights as Human Beings." They were making a sort of special on that, and I hoped that every delegate would buy one and take it home. I looked around a little more, but didn't see anything exciting, and at about a quarter of two, I returned to the U.S.A.

THE LAW OF THE LAND

(*Continued from p.* 15)

utes of many more. I have also done a good deal of court work. I have never heard or read a congressional examination that approached for force and vigor the cross-examination that is routine in court cases with closely controverted issues of fact. In court cases the witnesses are often people who are relatively inarticulate and of limited education, yet they have no difficulty in standing up to able, resourceful lawyers familiar with all the tricks of the courtroom. So far as I am aware the only occasion upon which the adversaries of a congressional investigator carefully reviewed his record and drew up specific counts against him was when three Senators introduced censure resolutions against Senator McCarthy. These resolutions accused Senator McCarthy of many things, but of an overbearing attitude toward witnesses only once—the time he made critical remarks to General Zwicker. Even the so-called "Zwicker count," although sustained by the Watkins Committee, was rejected by the full Senate. It is true that congressional investigators sometimes display irritation, but considering the evasiveness and insulting attitude of many witnesses, these displays are few. Justice Hugo Black, in an article written when he was a Senator, said: "[The recalcitrance of witnesses] severely taxes the patience of an investigator. It accounts for what newspaper enemies of investigations often refer indignantly to as the bullying and badgering of witnesses."

4. Nevertheless it is definitely my opinion that it is resentment against congressional committees that has generated many of the views about the Fifth Amendment now being put forward. What is so striking about these views is their inconsistency with the attitude of the same element of public opinion toward the not very different congressional investigations of earlier days. Dean Griswold has written: "... There was much that was wrong about some of the investigations in the 1920's. I have been charged with not having criticized the committees of that time, but I can plead infancy, until 1925, and youth for the remaining five years of the decade."

However, as he is Dean of the Harvard Law School, it is not unfair to contrast what he is saying now with what members of the faculty of the Harvard Law School were saying in the 1920's. Justice Frankfurter, then a prominent professor there, wrote "Hands Off the Investigations" in 1924, a work sufficiently described by stating its title. Dean Landis, predecessor of Dean Griswold, wrote a masterly legal essay entitled "Constitutional Limitations on the Congressional Power of Investigation" in 1926, an essay that remains to this day the ablest presentation of the theory that the congressional power of investigation is substantially unlimited.

I do not want to seem to criticize Dean Griswold. He does not misstate the facts but presents his arguments honestly, courteously and with a sincerity I do not doubt. No matter how great the effort, it is impossible to set forth fairly the views of another with whom one disagrees, so that what I have said here should not be regarded as the authoritative statement of what he thinks. I can only commend his pamphlet "The Fifth Amendment Today" as a careful and restrained assertion of the attitude of the best element of the predominant academic group. However, having studied the pamphlet and having participated with Dean Griswold in two fairly lengthy discussions of this subject, my respect for him emphasizes my belief that it is unfortunate, if not tragic, that the Harvard Law School—with its energy, intelligence and prestige, and its militant stand on the side of disclosure during the investigations of monopoly in the 1890's and 1900's, of corruption in the 1920's and of questionable business practices in the 1930's—should be identified with the cause of concealment today, when the country is confronted with the far more serious danger of Soviet penetration. The "methods" and personalities of congressional investigators, whatever they may be, hardly warrant such a reversal of position.

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

The importance of Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein is second only to that of General Motors, but I am no longer certain that what's good for Rodgers & Hammerstein is good for the country. Their latest creation, *Pipe Dream,* was assured of a two-years run on Broadway long before it opened; and who am I to contradict the public which bought more than a million dollars worth of tickets, by mail order, on the mere announcement that Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, II, was about to compose some new lyrics to music Mr. Richard Rodgers intended to write? I'll tell you who I am. I am one who has *seen* the show. And, as I said, I am not sure it's good for the country.

For, evidently, a new Rodgers & Hammerstein production concerns the national welfare rather than the arts. The songs the two gentlemen write commit the nation much more profoundly than do congressional resolutions. And it is not so much that these songs constitute, for years to come, the formative material for the "Hit Parade" which, in turn, forms the daydreams and the tastes of America's well-adjusted majority. More importantly, nature has in recent years developed the disturbing tendency to imitate the art of Rodgers & Hammerstein—social reality, that is to say, follows the more or less imaginative patterns these gentlemen have been setting since *Oklahoma!* The real Oklahoma was never like the one Hammerstein depicted; but it is now. The South Pacific wouldn't have recognized itself in the R. & H. mirror; but it has complied since. In short, with the exception of Arthur Godfrey and perhaps the Russian Politburo, no social engineers have ever had so much power over the human soul as the firm of R. & H.

But the faster the ascendance of the two gentlemen to ultimate social impact, the more noticeable their contempt for society—for the perfectly good reason, I hope, that a society which conforms with Mr. Hammerstein's Broadway is indeed contemptible. In *Oklahoma!* Mr. Hammerstein (for he, evidently, is the ideologue of the firm, while Mr. Rodgers simply writes the very singable tunes) still finds it in his heart to praise the proverbial virtues of the poor but honest American. In *South Pacific* he was already sufficiently disillusioned to teach a lesson or two on racial equality. In *Carousel* his disgust with the easy millions he was making drove him to adore the starving thief. I skip the intervening period to get to the point of today's report—namely, that Mr. Hammerstein has arrived at praising, in *Pipe Dream,* the virtues and the simple innocence of the bordello.

But first (mainly to pacify those readers who might find me a bit too negative in my appreciation of the popular arts), first I hurry to acknowledge that there is much vitality, some verve, considerable color, and even a bit of humor in *Pipe Dream.* The production is on the whole professional, the performers are handsome and competent, the dancing is fast, the laughs are reliable, and the songs so cleverly simple that they sing themselves. It will be, in fact, a major feat not to hum them all next year. (In particular, I hope, the community will resist the idiotic "All At Once You Love Her," as next year, by international consensus, is reserved for Mozart.)

Having done my constructive duties, I now may return to the moral of *Pipe Dream*—not the one I pull out, mind you, but the one Mr. Hammerstein put in. His new musical is based on the novel *Sweet Thursday,* by John Steinbeck, one of our guaranteed lusty authors, and it tells the story of how the pains of the respectable life can be cured by dedicated bums, and how true love can be saved through a madam and her staff (which, as the girls so tactfully sing in a Christmas carol, is busy only after eleven at night).

Mr. Hammerstein, no doubt, has wandered to Mr. Steinbeck's Cannery Row because he craved "realism." All handymen who have the knack of writing perfectly useable operetta libretti sooner or later dream of "realism." It's like the clowns who want to play Hamlet. Now the operetta is a perfectly legitimate art form—but precisely so long as it *resists* "realism." For it is the true operetta's indigenous contempt for the pedestrian laws of gravity that gives it its impish elegance, its gay abandon, its absurd delight. Gilbert's sophisticated pursuit of nonsense made the Gilbert & Sullivan operettas an undying joy. The *mondaine* contempt Offenbach's libretti writers felt for their reality made his music dance down the ages.

But the contemporary libretto writer is driven by the devil of "social consciousness"; and though his job is exclusively to enchant us, he insists on giving us lessons. Now entirely aside from the fact that I, for one, refuse to be taught by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, II (who has the philosophical profundity of a Gimbels floorwalker), the one thing that is even more boring than a message-drama is an evening of *sung* messages. Mr. Hammerstein's lyrics in *Pipe Dream* are sometimes excruciatingly didactic, and he begins to bore me.

Besides, if Mr. Hammerstein intended to buy "realism," Mr. Steinbeck sold him a bill of goods. Mr. Hammerstein is an innocent boy from Broadway, who simply doesn't know his way around the wickedly complex world, and somebody should tell him that a madam is frequently an objectionable person. Also, I'd like to testify that some of the nicest girls I have known, in my time, I met *outside* bordellos. In short, there is hardly anything phonier than the assumption that bums are honorable and whores decent. Compared with that kind of message, a Horatio Alger story is the epitome of honesty, and an old-fashioned operetta a monument to realism.

When he wrote the book for *Pipe Dream* Mr. Hammerstein, I am willing to bet, thought of the *Dreigroschenoper* (Kurt Weill's and Bertold Brecht's *Three-Penny Opera*) which, indeed, achieved some extraordinary effects by exploiting the human material of thugs and slatterns. But the *Dreigroschenoper* triumphed because they were *not* "realistically" used. Rather, they functioned as stylized metaphors in a savage satire. But in *Pipe Dream,* Mr. Hammerstein is audibly crowing that here, at last, he has introduced "real" people into musical comedy. Mr. Hammerstein, in

(*Continued on p. 30*)

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Heavy Artillery

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Mary McCarthy's formula is to stand the story of Beauty and the Beast on its head. In the medieval fable a lovely soul is locked inside a hideous body, waiting for the kiss of purity to liberate it from its contorted prison. In a Mary McCarthy story an ugly soul inhabits a fair outer form, waiting for the touch of depravity to set it to looking for a four-speed broomstick and a complaisantly wicked black cat.

No doubt Miss McCarthy intends some sort of judgment in all this. Her latest novel, *A Charmed Life* (313 pp., New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, $3.95), offers no condonation of the folk it satirizes; indeed, Miss McCarthy despises them with a controlled intensity that does her credit. This is another story of our "best people"—Ivy League and Vassar characters who have become liberated from the conventions in that bored way which precludes any fun in rebellion. The New Leeds which offers Miss McCarthy her unity of place is an artists' Bohemia somewhere on the seacoast of New England. The plot is an unlikely one, for it involves a spiritual dare that seems unmotivated, or at least too buried in the subconscious, to give the reader any help.

Martha Sinnott and her new husband John have returned to New Leeds, the unhappy locale of Martha's first marriage. Absurdly, they have chosen New Leeds in order to gain time and peace for work. Martha is writing a play, John is protecting her while she does it, and, of course, they are all set for bruising each other simply because they have withdrawn from the common life of humanity. The people around them, while amusing as supernumeraries and useful for diversionary sub-plots, are the sort who would keep a ragpicker from concentrating on his tasks.

It is preordained that Martha should encounter her first husband, Miles Murphy, who is represented as a combination of playwright, boor and burly amateur pugilist and weight lifter. It is also preordained that Martha can't say no when a drunken Miles, who has a nice wife at home, corners her one night when her husband is absent in Boston. The moral scruple that troubles Martha is not the adultery, which she takes in stride, almost as if it were happening to a stranger. It is that she can't face uncertainty about the actual paternity of her unborn child.

The sudden nicety of the scruple leaves the reader perplexed both with Martha Sinnott and her creator, Mary McCarthy. Since truth is relative with the characters in *A Charmed Life*, it seems odd that the story should turn on a hunger for absolute definition, for a notion of truth that transcends statistical probability. Martha Sinnott is a girl whose loyalties are to her own intellect, which she esteems as highly as a Victorian maiden might have esteemed her virginity. In all else she is casually disloyal: to the boy she was originally engaged to in college, to Miles Murphy when she is married to him, to John Sinnott when Miles comes back into her life. Miss McCarthy handles the various disloyalties with clinical coolness. But when she is faced with a sudden access of loyalty in her protagonist, her treatment of it comes to the reader as a somewhat arbitrary surrender to a whim. Perhaps it was the only way the author could think of to get Martha Sinnott off stage and into a fatal automobile accident while en route to a Boston abortionist.

Or maybe, on the other hand, this reviewer is incapable of reading the feminine heart. Quite aside from its final denouement in perplexity, *A Charmed Life* is amusing, lively and intellectually stimulating. Miss McCarthy is one novelist who is quite capable of reading other novelists without jealousy or the sort of bias that comes out of a subjective and overly protective concern for one's own technique. She is truly learned, and she sees through the pretensions of other artists who use philosophy as a deus ex machina for getting stories under way or pictures painted. "Most of the masters," she says, through one of her characters, "were simpletons, like Monet, or had a screw loose somewhere. Yeats's spiritualism was . . . balmy . . . the plan of 'Ulysses' was nuts and academic as hell; pointillism, as a theory, was drivel. Your typical genius, of today, was some modest little goof . . . plugging away in solitude at a mad scheme or invention that no reasonable person would give a nickel for: Duchamp, the early Schoenberg, Ives, that fellow who was a doctor in New Jersey."

This is shrewd, unblinkered writing, by a person who has no respect for fashionable opinion. But since Miss McCarthy really knows her Bohemians for what they are, one wonders at the intensity with which she pursues them. She contrives traps for their discomfiture that are far more complicated than the automation equipment used by the Ford Motor Company to machine the V-8 cylinder block; indeed, to use William S. Schlamm's phrase, she might be called the Rube Goldberg of sophisticated satire. Such ingenuity is worthy of far more important game than any Miss McCarthy has chosen to hunt.

Miss McCarthy once praised her own education in a very revealing piece about Vassar. Yet she is a living example of what happens when an artist of potentiality is deprived of knowledge for lack of immersion in the ordinary world. Miss McCarthy should have lived in suburbia, or married a

politician, or joined the Waves or the Wacs, or done something else that would have brought more important material into contact with her extraordinary sensibility. As it is, she is wasting a ten-inch gun on gnats, and paying off old scores by striking at people she might as well forget.

Dedicated Life

Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre, by Archie Binns in collaboration with Olive Kooken. 436 pp. New York: Crown Publishers. $5.00

As far as I am concerned, no book, newspaper column or obiter dicta on any aspect of the theater is dull. I can read Ben Jonson's gossip about Shakespeare, Hedda Hopper's tidbits on Marlon Brando, Colette's reminiscences of Bernhardt, or Eliot's self-questionings about his own plays with equal absorption. I love the whole show, on stage or off. The machinery of planned and executed make-believe, the mystery of what Auden has called "a sense of theater," is, for me, the most comprehensive single fascination in the whole outside world.

It will follow that the pleasure I have had in this first full biography of Minnie Maddern Fiske was foregone and very prejudiced. I can only endorse the book, generically, and then, for lesser cranks than myself, report three separate success stories which Mrs. Fiske's career embodied and which any thoughtful reader ought to find provocative.

1. As an actress, Mrs. Fiske revolutionized her art for her generation. When she became a star in 1882, melodrama was the fashion. To act meant to rant, rave, pull hair and roll on the floor. But Mrs. Fiske had other notions. Actors, she believed, should behave more like real people. A slight gesture, a single tear, a muted line were her strategies. What Edith Wharton praised as her "sobriety of method" and "extraordinary realism" were all new to audiences before 1900. So were her greatest roles. It was against prevailing taste to appear as Ibsen's Nora, Hardy's Tess, Thackeray's Becky Sharp. But as she said, "If I am anything as an artist, I'll follow my own instincts." She did, and along with Duse, she brought greater reality and a whole new style of acting to the twentieth-century theater.

2. As a private person, she had exceptional honesty and moral courage. She fought forthrightly for whatever she believed in, whether it was the prevention of cruelty to animals, or the powerful Theatrical Trust of Charles Froman which by the turn of the century was threatening to monopolize bookings all over America. For years, and at great personal risk, Mrs. Fiske and her husband led a resourceful anti-Trust war in and out of the courts. On tour, when Trust-controlled theaters were closed to her, she appeared in whatever barn, pool hall or vaudeville house was available. In New York, at the height of her popularity, she once even had to equip a theater at her own expense. But she believed in the right of the individual performer to negotiate with the individual theater owner at all costs, and she battled for this right without fear until she finally won.

3. As a dedicated artist, Mrs. Fiske's life is at once heroic and sad. Perfection of the work left little time for perfection of the life. She gave up marriage, children, security, every norm, and continued to appear on the stage even when she was dying. "An actress," she once told a reporter, "must give up everything. All one's strength must be saved for the night's performance. . . . One becomes a hermit, a crank, and boorish in everything else."

A high price; but no truly dedicated life, in or out of the theater, has ever cost one whit less. ROBERT PHELPS

Modest Report

Exploring the Small Community, by Otto G. Hoiberg. 199 pp. Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press. $3.50

This work book for those who practice as well as preach community rehabilitation comes from a man who knows both his little towns and his social theory. As coordinator of community service at the University of Nebraska and the son of an immigrant Danish pastor who at different times operated two successful folk schools, Dr. Hoiberg brings to his book a cultural experience as well as a directional outlook and conviction of great importance in American life. He is no fanatic, but he does hold stubbornly that our little country places are a part of the great American pattern that must not be allowed to die.

But the facts too are stubborn. Some of them are deadly in respect to his conviction. Others are encouraging. In forty years the farm population has declined by four million people while the total population of this country increased by about 59 million. The smaller, non-suburban villages and the hamlets are dying. In that period 40 per cent of the former and 60 per cent of the latter decreased in population. As Dr. Hoiberg would be the first to point out, much of this is due to increased farm efficiency, better roads and transportation and other welcome advances. But he does not therefore brush away the problem as merely a casual incident to progress.

As a fact science and technology need not destroy the human community except as they are directed towards that end. Dr. Hoiberg's book is a modest report on modern procedures towards the survival and development of small centers of mixed town and farm people. The community, he says in keeping with an increasing number of other students of this problem, is a necessarily small group where people know one another as whole persons, not as fragments. It is thus organic within the scope of the human being's acquaintance. It is personal in its pattern of perceptions, not anonymous. It has further, adds Hoiberg, a natural rather than a legal area; it provides a core of services; it it characterized by a sense of belonging.

Planning for little places is central in the book. Part I deals with such essentials as the coordination of community activities, the reduction of social cleavages, and the nurture of leadership. Part II deals with problem areas in planning, including community business and industry, recreation, schools, churches, government, health, cultural facilities, and beauty. In ways such as this he hopes to maintain the small community, or *Gemeinschaft*, against the aggrandizement of urban, impersonal society, or *Gesellschaft*. In every step the full participation of the people there is essential. In every project they must find the facts, and make the plan; then democratic discussion; and then the imple-

mentation. In all these directives is the wisdom of a man who has worked successfully in little places, who appreciates human problems, and who senses the profound values at stake.

BAKER BROWNELL

Keen Observer

Red Plush and Black Bread, by Marguerite Higgins. 256 pp. New York: Doubleday and Company. $4.00

"There are," Miss Higgins tells us, "no real experts on Russia—only people possessing varying degrees of ignorance." Well, as her book demonstrates, she ought to know: she can lay claim not only to a whopping clutch of ignorance but to the special ignorance of the man or woman who has actually *been* there, reports 'em as she sees 'em, and needs no further sources of information. Thus the fact that a "hate America" campaign is going forward *at this very moment* in the Soviet Union goes into the record as a discovery all her own, along with such novelties as that *Pravda* is "the largest Russian newspaper," and that what the keen observer everywhere senses in the Soviet Union, and is finally just able to put a name to, is an air of "suspicion" and "secretiveness."

All that, however, is tame stuff by comparison with the central content of Miss Higgins' reportage, namely, the revelation that Russia is inhabited by, of all things, *people!* Everywhere she looked, it seems, there were people, among others, toddlers who preferred candy to dialectics, middle-aged professors vain about their sex appeal, and career girls defensive about the strong points of their employers. What Miss Higgins wants us to conclude from this she never gets around to saying, but one guesses it would come to something like this: Since Russians are, after all, people, and since people are at bottom good, then what do we have to fear at the Russians' hands? Over toward the end of the book, to be sure, she is pretty savage about what scoundrels the Soviet leaders really are, and pretty grim about their intentions. But there are only fifty pages of that, and they bear no demonstrable relation to the contents of the other two hundred.

The question that kept nagging at me as I read the book is: What ever made Miss Higgins think she was ready to write a book on the Soviet Union, or that she had something to offer that was not readily available in, say, Rostow or Kulski? (That something could not be factual accuracy, since Bulganin turns up at one point as just a General, and a mysterious organization named the MCB keep peering over her shoulder wherever she goes.) Then the answer to the question became clear to me:

We live in a crazy age, when a great newspaper like the *Herald Tribune* turns over the task of covering a big story like the Soviet Union to a young reporter with slender intellectual gifts, scant training and irrelevant background—and, by the mere fact of doing so, makes her a great reputation. Why should we be astonished if she gets to thinking of herself as actually entitled to the position she holds, and entitled therefore to write a serious book on a serious matter?

O. F. CHAWLES

Eminent Specimen, Dying Breed

The Heresy of Democracy, by Lord Percy of Newcastle. 246 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company. $4.00

Very few representatives of the old body of literary and philosophical statesmen survive into our age; but Lord Percy is an eminent specimen of this dying breed. Years ago, after having been a cabinet minister and a party leader, he retired to study the source of our present discontents and to be rector of Durham University. This remarkable book is the work of long meditation; and, though Lord Percy writes that he is no scholar, in truth the learning and style of *The Heresy of Democracy* put Herr Professor Doktor to shame.

Standing in the true conservative tradition, Lord Percy is a perceptive friend to constitutional and responsible government, to representative institutions, and to the body of liberties that have arisen out of European civilization. If by "democracy," then, one means free government by the consent of the governed, Lord Percy is a champion of democracy. What he assails in this book is "totalist" democracy, the legacy of the French Revolution, the mass-state in which the will of an abstraction called The People is substituted for the will of God. Having "faith in the people" (the naive ideology still embraced as a political panacea by people in England like Mr. A. J. P. Taylor and in America by people like Mr. Oscar Handlin) only brings us down to tyranny, Lord Percy argues, unless that faith is subordinate to a faith in God, in natural law, and in a nation's traditions.

If the political condition called "democracy" is erected into an ideology, divorced from religion and prudence, the whole of human life is exposed to the ruthless leveling of "people's democracies," with which the bitter experience of this century has made us all familiar. Lord Percy traces with some care the growth of this literal heresy that somehow a collective wisdom and virtue superior to any private wisdom and virtue reside in the mass of men, taken collectively. The American reader will find it interesting to compare this book with Professor Eric Voegelin's *New Science of Politics*, the thesis of which is very similar, though the two scholars have been unaware of each other's work. The zealots of totalist democracy (as distinguished from present democratic institutions in Britain and America) would entrust to an abstract People powers which no sensible man ever would entrust to any single human being. And they would divorce these powers, at the same time, from the religious sanction and check which have made possible the development of European and American justice, order and freedom.

Lord Percy emphasizes the need for a true separation of church and state. It is only through a revival of the

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sense of religious consecration among political leaders, however, he makes clear, that free government and private rights may be preserved among us. There are signs that just such an understanding of the theological basis of politics is gaining ground in our time, after generations of eclipse. "It may restore the savor of liberty to a would-be Free World where the pervasive influence of centralizing states threatens to extinguish the 'private and local wisdoms' which were once their strength; and it may offer even to an Unfree World the attractions of a 'Holy communion' at once more stable and more vivid than the uneasy self-assertions of democratic citizenship."

RUSSELL KIRK

The Apparat

Soviet Espionage, by David J. Dallin. 558 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.75

This is the most serious and most complete book that has been written on the critical subject of Soviet espionage. It will be followed by a companion volume on operations directed against anti-Communists, exiles and defectors. On "espionage proper, meaning the gathering of secret information on foreign affairs by illicit means," it covers pretty much everything that has heretofore been publicly accessible, and much that has been unknown or forgotten.

Although Mr. Dallin is a scholar, not a journalist, he has the journalist's virtues. His narrative is absorbing, his descriptions clear, his analysis unpedantic. He follows the main line of Soviet espionage from its first concentration in France to Germany, to Switzerland, to Germany again, and then to its presumably lasting focus in the United States. "Never in history has there been a government which has placed greater faith in and greater emphasis on political *razvedka* (reconnaissance), and never has there existed such an insatiable and formidable quest for information from other countries."

Mr. Dallin's account is specific. The names are here, and the cover names, the dates, places and technique. There is no lack of the familiar props of the spy thrillers: in our day, in these fields, fiction has lagged well behind fact. There are outlandish recognition signals, secret murders, bold kidnappings, intimate intrigue in high places, codes and microphotographs, devotion and betrayal.

Mr. Dallin is a scholar in his field, one of the best in the world, but not in the machine-made mould that is peopling many of the Russian Institutes and Projects that sprout throughout the land. He does not depend on a business machine's computation of ten thousand questionnaires polled by a "team" of graduate students. He knows his subject as a man knows a lifelong friend; and, indeed, his subject is his life.

Mr. Dallin is himself a Russian by birth, an exile from the early years of the Revolution, and a Menshevik (that is, a Social Democrat). He thus has direct acquaintance with the language and land of the Soviet base, and with the doctrine. This is a main advantage, but it must also be allowed for, as we do well to allow for the friendship that helps move the brush that paints the portrait of a friend.

Mr. Dallin seems to dismiss rather too quickly the carried-over Russian, as against the new Bolshevik, elements that have determined the nature and methods of Soviet espionage. He gives too little space, I think, to the function of fellow-travelers and a fellow-traveling intellectual climate in relation to Soviet espionage. For example, he has but a single paragraph on the Institute of Pacific Relations, though he gives a good many pages to some relatively minor French and German episodes.

The sole mention of J. Robert Oppenheimer goes somewhat beyond a question of judgment. Mr. Dallin tells in a few lines how the Soviet agent, Steve Nelson, tried to enlist Dr. Oppenheimer. "Oppenheimer not only refused but called the effort outright treason; later he informed General Groves . . . of the incident. It was not long before United States security agencies were informed on the activities of Steve Nelson and his Communist cell in Berkeley." That is all. But Mr. Dallin must have read the record, which shows: a) that the security agencies were aware of Steve Nelson's doings *before*, not after, the Oppenheimer contact, and not through Dr. Oppenheimer; b) that it was months before Dr. Oppenheimer said anything to General Groves, and that when he did he lied, as years later he admitted; c) that Dr. Oppenheimer did not disclose the name of the intermediary who had come to him on Nelson's behalf (Haakon Chevalier); and d) that by his version, Dr. Oppenheimer distorted the character of Nelson's activities.

I imagine that Mr. Dallin, like many other Social Democrats, feels that he should lean his scholarship over backwards in order not to give aid and comfort to McCarthyism.

I should mention finally that Mr. Dallin's knowledge of Soviet espionage does not seem, by the evidence of his last chapters, to be equalled by his knowledge of the espionage apparatus of other nations, in particular of the United States. He seems to suggest non-existent distinctions, uniformly in our favor, between their espionage principles and ours. His optimism over our espionage methods, accomplishments and immediate prospects would be hard to document. these negative comments. They do not

I have felt that I could not omit weaken my belief in the importance and great value of Mr. Dallin's book. If the book were less good, it would not be necessary to make careful distinctions.

J. B.

ARTS AND MANNERS

(*Continued from p. 26*)

short, does not know a thing about operettas; he merely wrote a few good ones while he was young, dumb and hungry.

Now he is satiated, and middle-aged, and in real trouble. This would be no business of mine, if it were not for the fact that anything Mr. Hammerstein writes becomes a part of American folklore. In a couple of years, *Pipe Dream* will have passed through every American home. And I find it deplorable that every American mother must now prepare herself to explain to an adolescent daughter what is meant by "bordello." Not that the girl wouldn't know; but it will be very awkward to make this knowledge official. Also, some bums may never again be able to visit these institutions without thinking of Mr. Hammerstein. All in all, he has reappeared with an objectionable tale, a phony moral, a mediocre book and, of course, a terrific hit.

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